Saturday Review

September 5, 1964 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

WHAT THE MOON RANGER COULDN'T SEE

By John Lear

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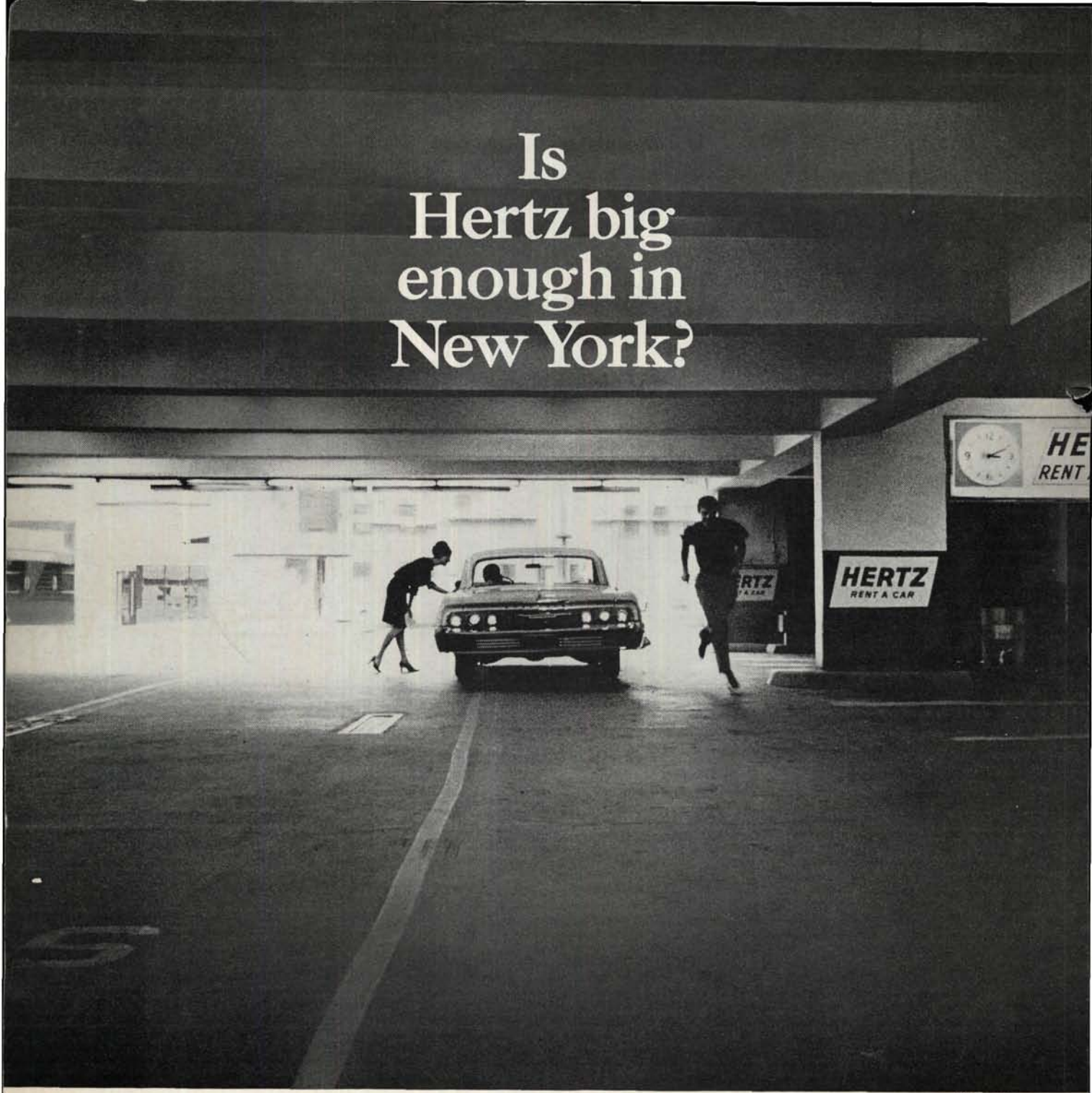

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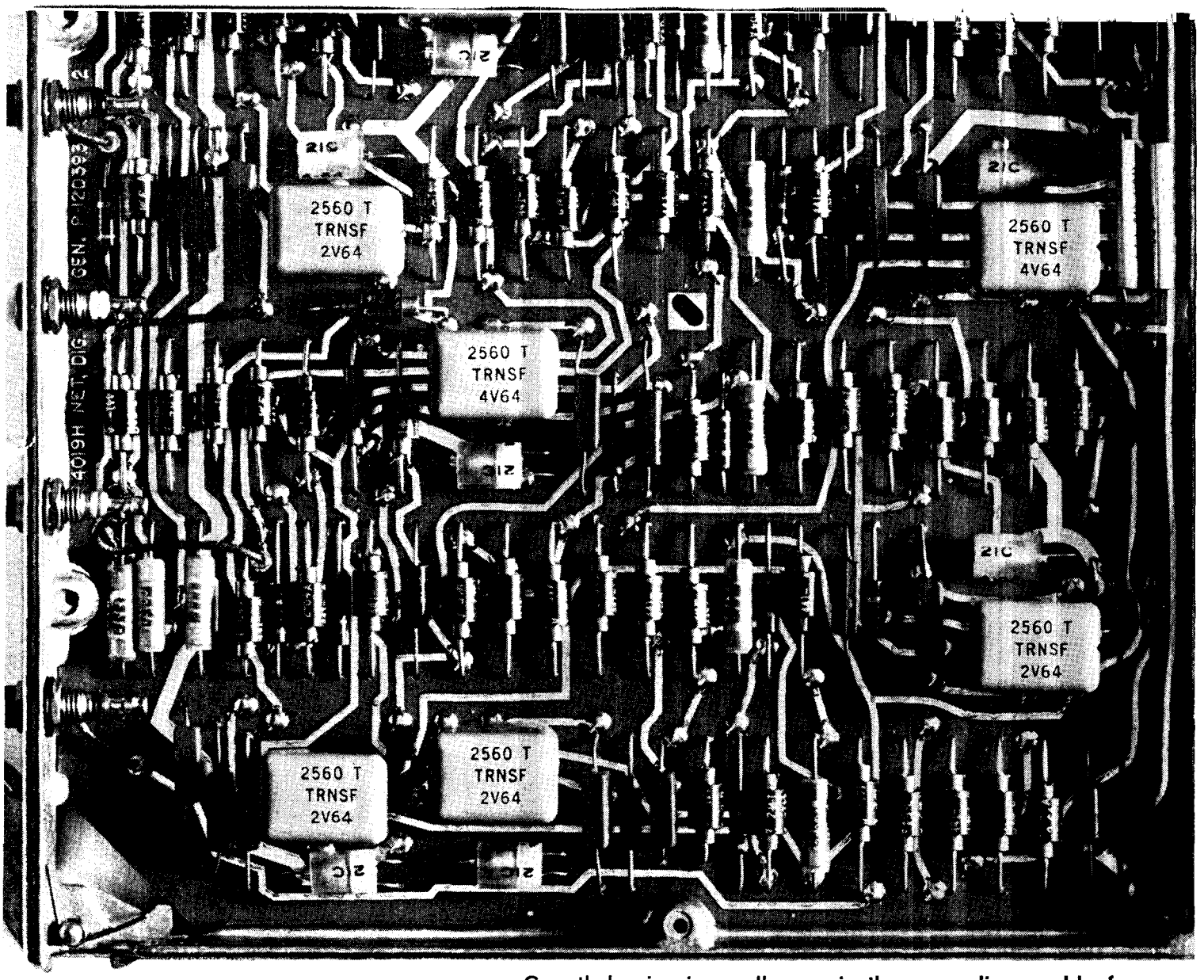

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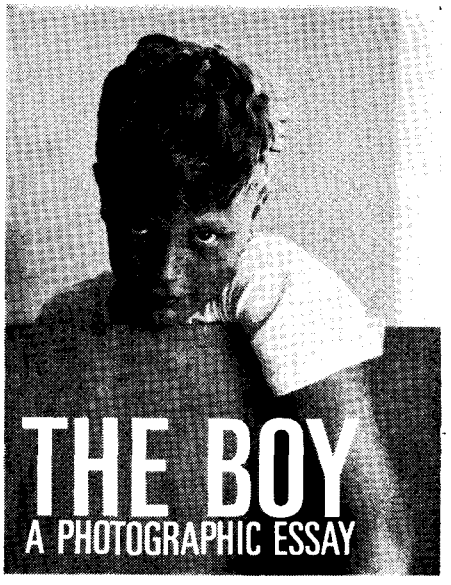

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A Message from the German People to the American People

The Marshall Plan

was a turning point in history. It was the pattern for a worldwide effort to better the lot of the large part of the human race who are no strangers to hunger and privation. For today all men are neighbors — and what happens to them is sure to affect us, too.

Germany's own aid program began in 1950; has been constantly enlarged since then

The people of Germany saw the Marshall Plan at work in their own lives. They know what the right kind of aid program can do to inspire a nation and restore its hope. And they felt that they owed to the less fortunate nations a moral obligation to provide help as they themselves once had been helped.

So it was that, thirteen years ago, they embarked on an extensive program of development aid. The problem was in many ways more difficult than it had been in Europe, because the base of education and training was generally lacking. In recent years major emphasis has been placed on such training, both in Germany and in the 83 foreign countries where the aid program is now in operation.

Many of the 17,000 foreign students now studying in German universities will return home with new skills which they will pass on to others – as will the million foreign workers in Germany's shops and factories.

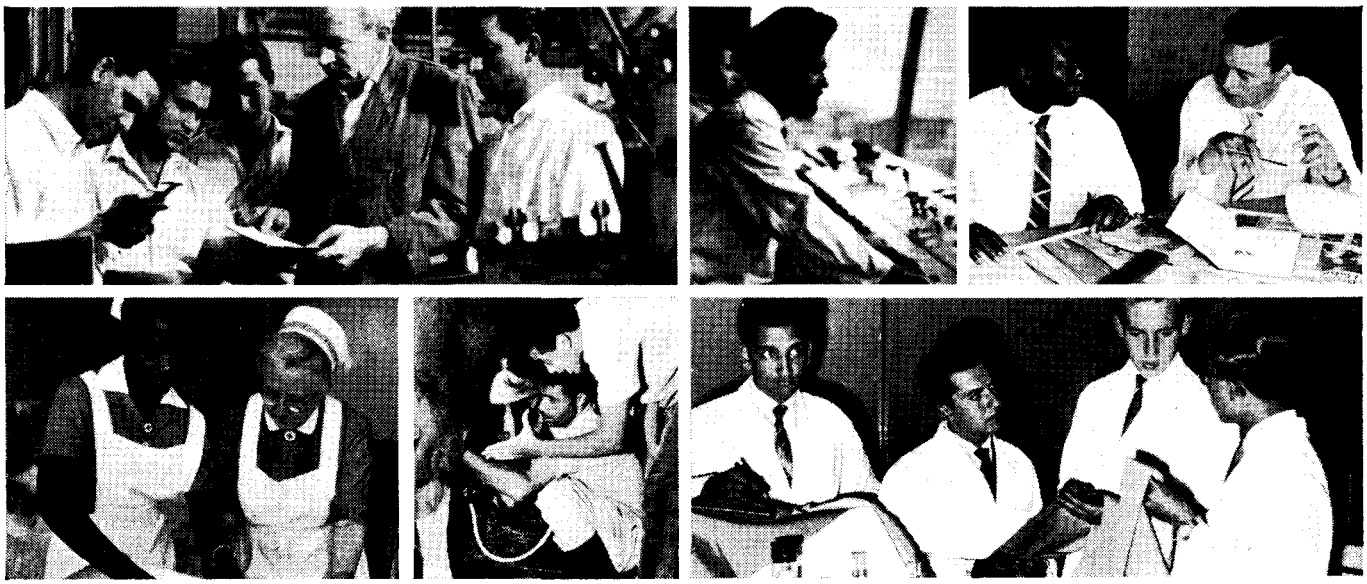
Germany is Doing its Share – AND MORE

Through the end of 1963, the aid program of Germany had dispensed nearly 23 billion D-marks (almost 6 billion dollars U.S.). Of this sum, 12.8 billion D-marks came from public funds; 10.06 billion D-marks from private sources, as computed by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD).
The larger part of it went into various forms of direct and indirect capital aid, technical assistance, industrial development and trade promotion.

German Aid Program Goes Worldwide

The aid program of the Federal Republic of Germany is not concentrated on any area of special interest or traditional ties. Available funds are granted to those nations and projects which most clearly deserve it. The developing nations learn that in such an atmosphere, self-help and mutual aid are the best assurance that their freedom will be protected and preserved.

A Few of the Many Kinds of German Aid in Many Lands



Ministry for Economic Cooperation FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

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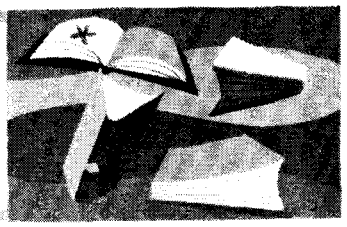
Trade Winds

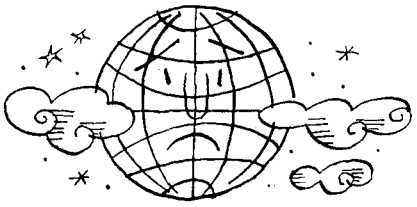


"I sit here now, twenty years after the Second World War, and indulge myself in a little hindsight. I get out the old typewriter and prepare to write the recollections of a reporter assigned to the USA. I'm no historian, so this can't be a true history. I'm no philosopher, no economist . . . My story, told at the time of the last war, would have been sheer prophecy. I possessed no such foresight."

Novelist Robert Ardrey wrote these words in 1944, when World War II was still raging and the advent of the Atomic Age was still an official secret. The author of the play *Thunder Rock* was trying his hand at his first novel, a story of the future that he called *World's Beginning* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). In the war year of 1944, it sold moderately well and established Mr. Ardrey as a novelist as well as a playwright.

In his foreword to *World's Beginning*, Mr. Ardrey writes: "Why do I write this book? It is a story about the future, but it is in no sense a prophecy . . . I write it because I am a man of considerable life expectancy. The future concerns me. I shall have to live in it. And I have a son."

Historically, Mr. Ardrey's projection of life in the 1960s has certain failings. He did not conceive the awesome terror of the atomic bomb, which makes world



peace the greatest and most urgent issue of the age. He misgauged the productive capacity of American industry. But his prophetic reflections create a fascinating picture of the 1960s—as seen by a young writer looking ahead from 1944.

The first truth that emerges from the pages of this twenty-year-old novel is the prophecy that the moment the war was over, Americans would begin to miss it. They would miss the tidy, black-and-white picture that the war had provided. As the novel says about the Sixties: "You were alive or dead . . . You were slave or you were free . . . You were good or you were bad . . . You were the victor with your heel at the throat of your enemy. Or you were vanquished. Peace, when it arrives, is discovered to be a grey and yielding substance, light to the touch, that sifts through the fingers easily."

As the story takes shape, the protagonist-reporter notices that the shadows of former allies are beginning to darken, that easy, black-and-white solutions are beginning to form in the minds of bigots and martinets. And he begins to discern a rising tide of reactionary feelings. His assessment of the reactionary is striking in the light of what actually has taken place from the days of McCarthy on to the present: "Reaction is no one man sitting down at a polished desk and saying to a beautiful secretary, Take a reactionary letter," says the book. "Reaction is simply a point of view. It's the way the country looks to you if you're riding on a machine going in the wrong direction. You seldom realize that your point of view is reactionary; no more than you realize that your machine is going in the wrong direction. Things look quite the way they look. You can be honest, you can be quite intense, quite idealistic; your reaction may possess the highest and most noble of purposes. The only trouble with your point of view is that it's no good. The beaches of history are cluttered with the unremarkable remains of dead reactionaries. . ."

One character in the book, by the name of Hara, is an engineer who looks at the postwar world with a jaundiced eye and a what-the-hell attitude. His appraisal is: "All the war's done to people is to make them moreso. Whatever they were when the war started, now they're moreso. Here's a man who used to be rich, and he wanted to hang onto what he had. All right. Now he's the same only moreso. Here's another fellow that got satisfaction out of hating Negroes. He's gone through the war, and now he's moreso."

At this point, the book begins to take on a terribly prophetic character: "The nation feared and hated. The Era of Hard Feeling was in most bounteous bloom. . ."

Many books have been written about the future, perhaps the most successful ones being fantasies or fantasy-satires such as George Orwell's *1984*. But with bitter realism, in passages that read like today's front pages, Ardrey's *World's Beginning* predicts today's racial strife and riots. In the novel, Mississippi is under martial law. Demonstrations for

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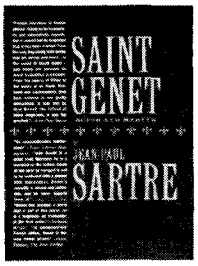

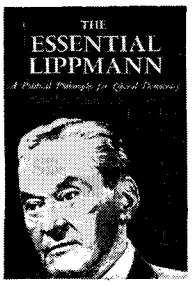

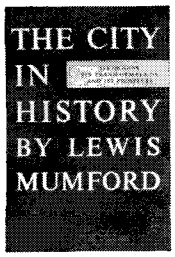

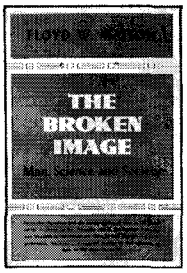

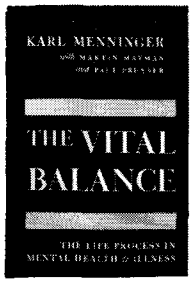

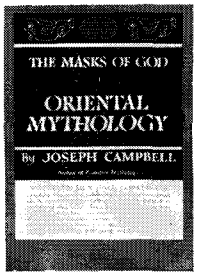

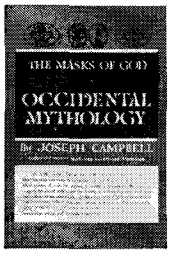

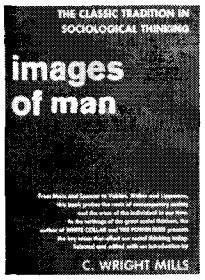

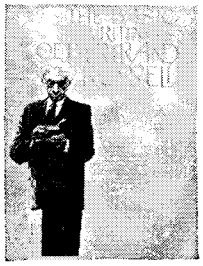

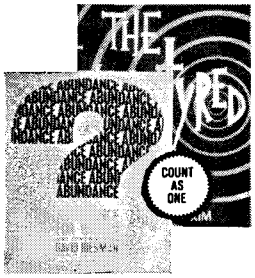

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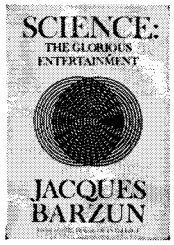

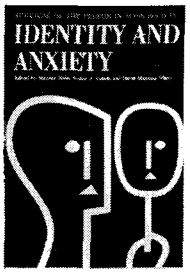

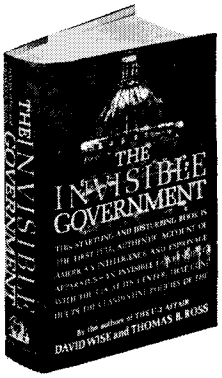

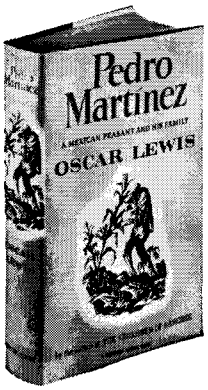

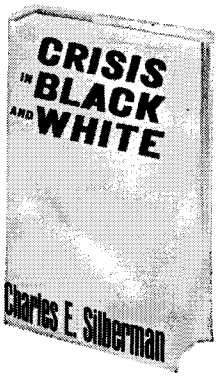

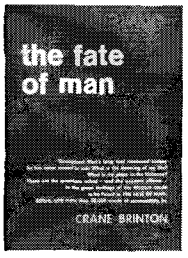

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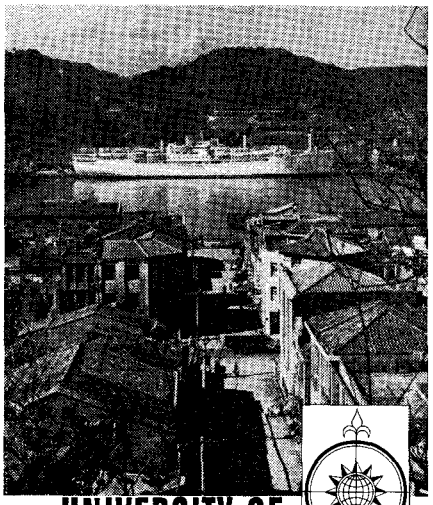

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Harper's magazine

SEPTEMBER

The Making of a Writer

PART I

by JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

France's most brilliant and controversial intellectual recreates the joy and despair of his strange family life, and illuminates the process of writing. The first of Harper's two articles adapted from *The Words,* Sartre's long awaited autobiography.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

the Negro's civil rights sweep the country. Unemployment leaves both Negroes and whites bitter and desolate. "Millions of Negroes—and we never let them do anything before but chop cotton," the reporter observes. "We never let them learn."

America in the 1960s is actually quite a different country from the one depicted in *World's Beginning.* But the roots of many contemporary problems are discerned and defined by Mr. Ardrey: the wave of industrial price-fixing among cartels; the lack of corporate morality; the need for expansion of profit-sharing; the lack of incentive for workers, who look to the coffee break as a substitute for producing more efficiently; the desperate search for better ways of improving the free-enterprise system without changing it basically.

The last-named problem concerned Mr. Ardrey deeply. He foresaw many

things back in 1944, but his analysis of the worker who takes no pride in his job anticipates one of the greatest tragedies of the modern scene. In one scene the protagonist notices a gas leak in an airplane and points it out to the maintenance man at the ramp. The mechanic says, in effect, the hell with it, and walks off. The erosion of values has not today quite reached that point. But Mr. Ardrey has been right in many things. He bears listening to again.

Currently, he is represented by *African Genesis,* a nonfiction book published by Atheneum, which is getting a lot of attention. Perhaps he will some day give us his views on 1984, in a book worthy of a place beside George Orwell's classic.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1586)

JOHN LE CARRE:

CALL FOR THE DEAD

Oxford Street! Just why was London the only capital in the world that lost its personality at night? Smiley, as he pulled his coat more closely about him, could think of nowhere, from Los Angeles to Bern, which so readily gave up its daily struggle for identity.

As It Happens

Randolph Churchill has insured his father's letters for 750,000 pounds. Fortunately, Sir Winston ignored the slogan of his day: DON'T WRITE. TELEGRAPH.

Tailors tell us many vacationers return from Europe several pounds heavier. Travel *is* broadening.

The newsmagazines report a new motorcycle craze. We don't have to read that. We can hear it.

A man who forgets his wife's birthday will get something to remember her by.

Now a candidate has been selected or endorsed by every major political organization. Except The Rat Pack.

Strange that New Yorkers attend samurai movies. There are so many *free* knife fights.

Matron overheard at a U.N. cocktail party: "How's your population explosion?"

A tourist who tips 5 per cent should not have the same waiter twice.

When a man's in love everything looks better. Except other women.

Senator Goldwater won't address the Teens for Barry Clubs. Until November he's busy with the over-21 set.

Civil rights organizations have been asked not to demonstrate until after the election. Then it'll be too cold.

We're suspicious of anyone carrying empty bottles to a nonviolent demonstration. —FRED SPARKS.

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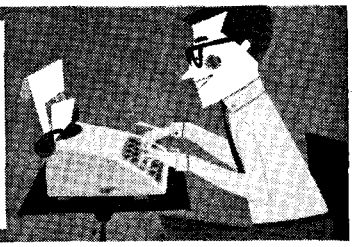
Top of My Head



Typos and Hypos . . .

THESE days, when Letters to the Editor columns are filled with Republican recrimination and Democratic diatribe, it is only reasonable that this column should receive its share of tirade and acerbity and reflection on the legality of my parentage. The letters are in two groups, both against, but dealing with unrelated topics.

Number one concerns a sentence that appeared here as follows: "They were interviewing some women whom the interviewer said were all ready to vote for Barry." Unlike most tabloid letter writers, *Saturday Review* subscribers showed their class by not moderately objecting to Barry, but by being extremely upset by "whom." Some letter writers were so incensed they actually parsed the sentence in longhand to show why it should have been "who." Better they should have sent their letters to the typographer who committed this heinous typo. As for me, even at my tempestuous rate of typing I try to never ever split an infinitive.

So much for the typos. The hypo letters concerned some pieces here about hypochondria in which I maintained that doctors cannot cure hypochondria. They claim there are doctors who can cure it because it's psychosomatic—it's all up there—and that there are some doctors down here who can reach up there and turn off that purveyor of malaise as easily as you can turn off *Petticoat Junction*.

In the first place, to tell a hypochondriac it's all psychosomatic is like waving a red flag at a meeting of the Birch Society. Just prescribing that a hypo change his way of thinking won't help. During my long period of hypochondria I went from 170 pounds to a mere 150. Friends began making remarks about this loss of weight, which made me lose more. I think I averaged about two pounds per friend. My doctor at that time took it in stride.

"How tall are you?" he asked.

"Five feet twelve."

"Five feet twelve," he mumbled as he looked at his weight and height chart. "Yes, here we are—five-nine, five-ten, five-eleven. . . ."

There was a long pause and he peered over his glasses at me.

"Young man," he said, "I don't think weight is your problem. And besides, you will notice that all those who say you're getting thinner are obese."

I did notice it. And as I went on noticing it, I was getting thinner and they were getting obeser. That didn't do it.

Several letter writers state they were helped considerably by doctors in the matter of insomnia, which in the trade is known as a spinoff of hypochondria. This problem is known in the psychoanalytical game as "Mind Over Mattress." I'm not too familiar with this branch of therapy, numbering among my closest friends many doctors who are strictly pill, powder, and potion men. One of them is in Florida. He made several midnight emergency calls at my hotel. I noticed that when he took my pulse he never consulted his watch. I inquired about that. He had no watch. I imagine he kept time by clapping his hands.

Anyway, I give this doctor credit. When I told him my hypochondria was causing insomnia he leveled with me. He said a little sleep would cure it. I tried it but that didn't work either. Just as nothing worked for a friend who was in town a few weeks ago and complained about having insomnia. It's a rather personal problem with him so I won't mention his name. But his doctor gave him some hope.

"Groucho," he said, "I've made an appointment for you with an analyst."

My friend went to the analyst. The office was dark, just one light shining brightly from the ceiling in a corner of the room. My friend was asked to keep head turned toward that light while the analyst spoke to him. After the hour my friend told me he was not only not sleepy, but he had a stiff neck. The analyst asked him back for another visit. Same result. My friend didn't go back again. On the first of the month he received a bill for a hundred dollars, which contributed to keeping him awake for the rest of that month.

My friend told me about one of his friends who went to an analyst. He sat in the doctor's office for the entire hour without saying anything. And the doctor said nothing. Finally the doctor arose and said: "Your hour is up. You'll come back tomorrow at this same time." As the man walked out the receptionist said: "That will be fifty dollars." He wrote a check.

The next day he was there again. He never spoke a word. The doctor announced the hour was up and said to come back tomorrow, same time. As he walked out he wrote another check. This went on for six weeks. On the seventh week he showed up, sat himself down, didn't speak for about ten minutes. Finally he said: "Doctor, do you mind if I ask you a question?" The doctor said: "Good! Now you're talking. The therapy to be complete must be voluntary. Anything you want to know. What's the question?" And the man replied: "Doctor, do you want to take in a partner?" —GOODMAN ACE.

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The Imagination of Disaster

A critic reappraises the literature of World War I, that half-forgotten conflict which began in exaltation and ended in exhaustion and despair

By RICHARD GILL, *a veteran of World War II who teaches English at Pace College and whose special field is the literature of war.*

FOR every man, "The War" is the war he was in: the war he fought through and somehow, with luck, managed to live through. It is this war's battle-names, leaders, disasters, victories, slogans, songs—yes, and girls, too—that he remembers with a sense of immediacy that, obliterating the years, can call up grim pride, bitterness, and perhaps even nostalgia. For our middle generations, "The War" is, of course, World War II. For a younger one, it is the Korean conflict. For an older one, it is and has always been World War I, which in England is still termed The Great War. One war blots out another in the minds and feelings of men belonging to separate generations—so much so that until recently most people were probably unable to establish genuine rapport with anyone to whom "The War" was the earliest of these. From the Depression years of the Thirties to the nuclear decades, World War I seemed as lacking in emotional impact as the struggle between the Medes and Persians, and more remote to the American imagination, strangely enough, than our own Civil War.

Now a half-century later, it is brought back to our consciousness with all the sinister meaning of a long-repressed personal memory. The fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of the first World War would in itself have made claim on our attention. But if a single event can be said to mark the authentic revival of our interest, it was the publication of Barbara Tuchman's fascinating, eminently readable *The Guns of August* in 1962. Mrs. Tuchman broke through that historical curtain that frequently divides the facts of one era from the feelings of another, and made those almost forgotten years of conflict continuous with our own. Through her lens, von Schlieffen's plan, Liége, the Marne bristle with some of the same horrific connotations as Dachau, Hiroshima, and the Berlin Wall.

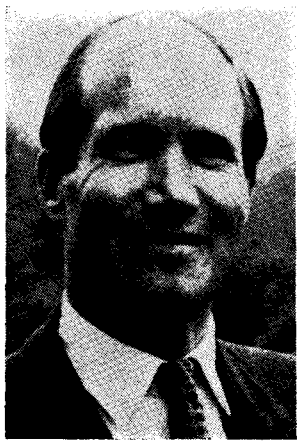
Recently, of course, other new books have assisted *The Guns of August* in deepening our interest: Alistair Horne's *Price of Glory: Verdun, 1916;* Barrie Pitt's *1918: The Last Act;* A. J. P. Taylor's *Illustrated History of the First World War;* Edmond Taylor's *The Fall of the Dynasties.* After fifty years the archives are opening, and documentary transfusions from the past allow historians to give flesh and blood to the waxen figures of the textbooks—as do Corelli Barnett in *The Swordbearers* and Virginia Cowles in *The Kaiser.* Even John Dos Passos and Laurence Stallings—once angry young men of the Twenties, who debunked the war they fought in—have given us their second look in, respectively, *Mr. Wilson's War* and *The Doughboys.*

However, this new appetite for all manner of material about World War I has thus far not come around to consideration of the literature actually produced by the combatants themselves. Of all the men who suffered and were there, the poets, novelists, and dramatists were perhaps the best equipped to give testimony; to become the truly honest and

"The Great War" as seen in retrospect by historians . . .

—*Frank Pemberton.*

Tuchman



—*Jerry Bauer.*

Horne

Taylor

—*Marc Gerson.*

Cowles

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articulate witnesses of the horror and the boredom, if not the glory, of the first modern battlefields. Yet, only a few of the works written during and after the war seem to survive outside the literary histories. Even the quality of some of these has been disputed; and, with World War I so long out of fashion, others have remained comparatively unread and perhaps unknown. It may be time for another look.

But first a caveat is in order. Paradoxical as it may seem to those who live through the inherent drama of a great war or revolution, a stupendous public event does not always fire the imagination of the greatest writers of an epoch. To be sure, Homer sang of the Trojan war, but his subject was already a romantic myth. But dozens of writers have left out of their works the wars that so intensely preoccupied their contemporaries and even themselves. The list could include Keats, Jane Austen, Mark Twain, Henry James, Robert Frost, to mention a few.

In our own time, in any case, it so happens that the major literary figures from many nations—Proust, Joyce, Eliot, Mann, Yeats, D. H. Lawrence, Huxley, Kafka—were, for reasons of age or physical health, not directly in contact with the actual hostilities of the war. Their most compelling themes often belonged to the earlier years of peace, as did Joyce's Dublin or Proust's *beau monde*. And if their later work provides the most searching diagnosis of the spiritual malaise that was the war's prelude and aftermath—consider *The Magic Mountain*, *The Waste Land*, *The Tower*, or *Point Counter Point*—they had little to say about the war itself.

On the other hand, those who wrote out of painful familiarity with combat and violent death were of necessity mainly young men whose vision of life was yet to be shaped and whose literary methods were either derivative and, therefore, unequal to what they wished to express, or else tentatively experimental. Their experience of the war and their attempt to give it form became a bloody apprenticeship in both life and art; and this is one circumstance that helps to explain the character, the power, and the limitations of what was finally produced.

Most of the important works by the combatants themselves were written years, even a decade or so, after the Armistice; but some were produced during the actual fighting. Of these, the poems of the English soldiers—particularly Charles Hamilton Sorley, Siegfried Sassoon, Isaac Rosenberg, Wilfred Owen—are the most outstanding. Ironically, one of the best-remembered among them is Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier," whose opening lines are often quoted:

> If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is forever England. There shall be
> In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
> A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware . . .

But sincere as this poem may be in its uncomplicated patriotism, it really expresses a passing mood of the initial stages of the war; and today it best serves as a contrast to the bitter poetry that came not long after.

Young Englishmen apparently went off to Flanders in a spirit of Tennysonian idealism. Today, it seems surprising that they did. The great nineteenth-century novels that did present war—Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*, Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and *Sevastopol Sketches*, Zola's *Débâcle*, Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*—were incisively realistic about battle. But during the call to arms after Sarajevo, a kind of cultural amnesia set in, and all literary warnings were forgotten—as a later observation of Sir Herbert Read seems to verify: "In 1914," he wrote, "our conception of war was completely unreal. We had vague childish memories of the Boer War, and from these and from a general diffusion of Kiplingesque sentiments, we managed to infuse into war a decided element of adventurous romance. War still appealed to the imagination."

Whatever this romantic imagination might devise, however, was overwhelmed by the reality of the machine gun and relentless bombardment. Brooke himself could remark after Antwerp: ". . . it's a bloody thing, half the youth of Europe, blown through pain to nothingness. . ." And much of the poetry written out of the experiences of the front line and the weary life of the trenches reflects with the immediacy of a battle-field diary the quality of the shock felt by the first generation to encounter the full brutality and waste of modern warfare. It is for this reason, admittedly, rather uneven poetry, sometimes raw, shrill, unbearably photographic—the agony of its subject-matter overriding formal control. Indeed, Wilfred Owen, one of the finest of the war poets, even disclaimed esthetic intentions. "I am not concerned with Poetry," he wrote before he was killed. "My subject is War, and the Pity of War. The Poetry is in the Pity."

Nevertheless, it is quite obvious that in their best work these poets—above all, Owen himself—were struggling to digest their experience of the horror and to fuse emotion with technique. As war poetry, it is considerably more varied than the monotony of its possible themes might lead us to expect—by turns, angry, elegiac, satirical. There are, for example,

. . . and as seen first-hand by poets and novelists.

—*Sgt Joe Bush.*

Stallings

Read

—*George Cserna.*

Dos Passos

—*T. Marion Morehouse.*

Graves

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these muted lines from a sonnet by Sorley:

When you see millions of the
mouthless dead
Across your dreams in pale
battalions go,
Say not soft things as other men
have said,
That you'll remember. For you
need not so.
Give them not praise. For deaf, how
should they know
It is not curses heaped on each
gashed head?
Not tears. Their blind eyes see not
your tears flow,
Not honour. It is easy to be dead.

There is the realism and sympathy of Sassoon in "The Dreamers":

I see them in the foul dug-outs,
gnawed by rats,
And in the ruined trenches, lashed
with rain.
Dreaming of things they did with
balls and bats,
And mocked by hopeless longing
to regain
Bank-holidays, and picture shows and
spats,
And going to the office in the
train.

And the humane poetry of Owen ranges from the cold, explicit indignation of "Dulce et Decorum Est" and the strange lyricism of "Greater Love" to the controlled dissonance of the opening of "Arms and the Boy":

Let the boy try along this bayonet-
blade
How cold steel is, and keen with the
hunger of blood;
Blue with all malice, like a madman's
flash;
And thinly drawn with famishing
for flesh.

In retrospect, the poetry written by the men in action makes a fitting overture to much of the war literature that came after. Down through the Twenties, veterans of the belligerent nations of both sides rendered their impressions of the holocaust—out of a deep personal need for catharsis, a moral compulsion to indict or warn. Or simply out of a clear-minded determination to make the inglorious day-to-day world of the common soldier—the mud, the weather, and the wounds—part of the permanent historical record. One recalls immediately Remarque or Hemingway, but they are not alone.

Through the postwar years, the English produced a remarkable body of work, including poetry and prose. Often taking up some of the same themes as the earlier poetry, they documented the conditions of modern war in fiction and several graphic memoirs; and, like the poets, they displayed considerable variation in attitude, tone, and technique. Whether stunned or enraged by what they remembered of the fighting, the novelists contributed several memorable books, some of which are no longer widely known: *The Spanish Farm Trilogy* by R. H. Mottram, *No More Parades* and *A Man Could Stand Up* by Ford Madox Ford, *Death of a Hero* by Richard Aldington, *Her Privates We* by Frederic Manning, *All Our Yesterdays* by H. M. Tomlinson, *In Parenthesis* by David Jones.

THESE highly individual novels, ranging in motive from savage bitterness to a sincere effort to put down—in Hemingway's phrase—"what really happened in action," are perhaps too easily lumped together as "war fiction," when they should stand or fall on the basis of their specific qualities. Nevertheless, when taken together, they complement each other and illuminate the different perspectives on the cataclysm the literary imagination found possible.

To take two that might be compared, Aldington's *Death of a Hero* is bitterly satirical, while Mottram's *The Spanish Farm Trilogy* is the most sadly disillusioned. *Death of a Hero* very often reads like counter-propaganda. The death referred to in the title is, ironically, a battle-field suicide: the "hero" is Captain George Winterbourne, who—no longer able to endure the horrors of the front, his superior officers, the "reign of Cant," the "whole Delusion and Delirium,"—deliberately stands up to be killed in the middle of enemy machine-gun fire.

The Spanish Farm, saying much the same thing and more, nevertheless replaces Aldington's strident cynicism with a sorrowful, weary expression of defeat. Through a series of interlocking stories, we are made to witness the corruption of personal values, the dehumanization of individuals, even the frustration in victory, and the collapse of all future aspiration in spite of the coming of peace. Its final melancholy note implies disillusionment, not simply with the war, but with humanity itself.

However, in contrast to these novels, *Her Privates We* by Manning shies away from any ulterior commitment, moral or social, that would deflect the reader's attention from seeing the war as it really was. Manning's goal, as he himself declared, was a faithful representation of the anonymous men of the ranks. (In fact, Manning's intention has complicated the book's history: A larger, unexpurgated version was published in England in a limited edition under the title *The Middle Parts of Fortune*. Moreover, the author was given anonymously as Private 19022, and was not generally known to be Manning until after his death in 1935.) Telling of the Somme and Ancre campaigns of the British, the novel presents in a straightforward, sobering narrative a platoon of enlisted men who exist simply as soldiers, without the diversions of romance and the distractions of family problems. Its manner is realistic in a very precise sense: there is no contrived heightening of effects to arouse the reader's disgust or anger; the details may be sickening, but not scatological. Genuine heroism is recognized, and comedy is given its place. Indeed, for its portrayal of warfare, *Her Privates We* was admired by T. E. Lawrence, Ernest Hemingway, and E. M. Forster. "It is the finest and noblest book of men in war that I have ever read," Hemingway remarked. "I read it over once each year to remember how things really were so that I will never lie to myself nor to anyone else about them."

Ford's novels, in contrast, are, strictly speaking, not concerned with the war as war at all, despite the fact that they belong to a tetralogy now known under the title *Parade's End*. They are really social novels in the great tradition of Balzac and Tolstoy and experiments in fictional technique in the manner of James and Conrad. Intending to become the "historian of his own time" on the model of Proust, as he declared himself, Ford portrays the career of Tietjens, last representative of the Tory virtues, and idealist in the true sense, against the background of a crumbling society and moral failure of the English ruling classes—before, after, and during the war. As a middle-aged officer serving at the front, Tietjens is depicted as one of the few in command with any sense of responsibility and humane concern for his men. Because of Ford's technical mastery, the sequences in the front lines are vividly impressionistic, but they are not there as an end in themselves: they manifest a social decay that has its dark roots elsewhere.

Also an experiment in literary technique is David Jones's *In Parenthesis*, which appeared as late as 1937. In a manner that derives from the symbolic, allusive style of modern poetry rather than the bald realism of more typical war fiction, this work "overlays" its account of infantry action with a superstructure of ancient myth. There is no blinking the ugliness, the stupidity, the waste, or the simple boredom of the war, but "correspondences" are suggested between the trench soldiers and the knights of medieval legend; and common physical details of setting—like weather—become symbols with overtones of meaning beyond the literal facts of the fighting. The war, however, seems lost in the drapery of the myth, or makes

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it seem an unwelcome embellishment. Like Faulkner's *A Fable*, which also attempted a mythical structure by giving a mutiny of French soldiers overtones of Christ's passion, *In Parenthesis* raises large esthetic questions as to the purposes and methods of war literature.

As forceful as the novels are the works of nonfiction, the more explicitly autobiographical accounts by other English authors. Many of these were by poets: *Goodbye to All That* by Robert Graves, *Undertones of War* by Edmund Blunden, *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* by Siegfried Sassoon, *The Raid* and *The Retreat* by Herbert Read (now in his *Annals of Innocence and Experience*). Added to them may be lesser-known books that round out the picture of the war, from the home front to the new war in the air: C. E. Montague's *Disenchantment*, Donald Boyd's *Salute to Guns*, A. M. Cogswell's *Ermytage and the Curate*, Elliott White Springs's *War Birds*.

World War I is inevitably associated with the trench fighting on the Western Front. For this reason, no book seems more remote from that theater of combat—or even the twentieth century itself—than T. E. Lawrence's *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Yet it must stand as one of the major books to come out of the conflict. A gnarled sort of book, deeply flawed with an outdated romanticism and a self-conscious, turgid style, yet peculiarly modern in its anxious moral questioning, Lawrence's account of himself and the guerrilla campaigns of the Arabian desert remains a unique, if lopsided, masterpiece.

And it is not so distant after all from the mood of many of the others: Lawrence went into Arabia as an idealist, he emerged with the sense of being betrayed – above all, self-betrayed. Certainly, his own introduction to *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* sums up in a few eloquent lines the disillusionment of a generation: "We were wrought up with ideas inexpressible and vaporous, but to be fought for. We lived many lives in those whirling campaigns, never sparing ourselves any good or evil: yet when we achieved and the new world dawned, the old men came out again and took from us our victory, and remade it in the likeness of the former world they knew. Youth could win, but had not learned to keep, and was pitiably weak against age. We stammered that we had worked for a new heaven and a new earth, and they thanked us kindly and made their peace."

The most serious books by American combatants all came after the war. Of these, *A Farewell to Arms* is now established as a classic. But other works of varying quality appeared all through the Twenties: *One Man's Initiation* and *Three Soldiers* by John Dos Passos, *The Enormous Room* by E. E. Cummings, *Through the Wheat* by Thomas Boyd, *Plumes* and—of course—*What Price Glory?* by Laurence Stallings, *War Letters* by Harry Crosby.

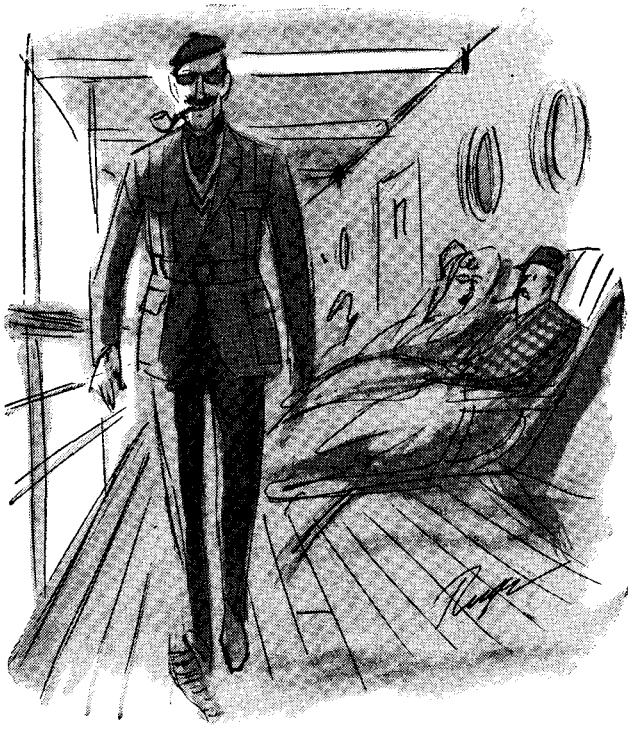
The title of Dos Passos's first novel, *One Man's Initiation*, really states the major theme upon which most of the American authors play their own dark variations. Most of them had gone to Europe even before the official entry of the United States. Without clearly defined motives, they volunteered to drive ambulances—as did Hemingway on the Italian front—or to fly with one of the newly formed air squadrons, as did Faulkner. To them the war was, apparently, not so much the crusade it was to the British, as a needed *rite de passage*, which they could not find in their conventional world at home. In consequence, their eventual reaction of shock went beyond the war's aims and policies to become the innocent's traumatic discovery of experience. The war, then, had universal implications; the key to reality—if Henry James's language may be used in this context—was the "imagination of disaster"; life was, after all, "ferocious and sinister." Their wounds, as Hoffman notes, were not simply physical injuries, but unreasonable, profoundly personal violations.

However, *One Man's Initiation* itself does not always fulfill the possibilities of its own title. Dos Passos had not yet found the social perspective or the technical control of the great *U.S.A.* trilogy. His second novel about the war, *Three Soldiers*, is superior to the first, attempting to give the war experience a social dimension and employing machine imagery as a leitmotif effectively throughout. However, as a work of war fiction, the book has one damning weakness; the actual combat, as Hemingway saw, is unconvincing. Thomas Boyd's *Through the Wheat*, though narrower in range, gives a more convincing picture of the front line, as seen through the eyes of an enlisted man.

Better than these is *The Enormous Room* by E. E. Cummings. Like *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, this is an important and unique book that might have been merely a freakish one. Cummings, like Lawrence, had a very peculiar, atypical experience of the war, but of a very different kind. One of the volunteers with the American Ambulance Service in France, he was arrested by the French, when they suspected him of treason on the basis of some misconstrued letters he had written to a friend. He was then sent to what we would now call a "concentration camp," La Ferté Macé, some hundred miles outside Paris. Here in the "enormous room" of the title, he spent months with suspected spies and social outcasts, trying to survive the filth, the starvation diet, and the callousness of its officials. But it is not this experience alone that compels the reader: Combining a slangy, nervous, irreverent style with a profound sense of the symbolic implications of the prisoner's lot, Cummings provided an emblem for not only the suffering endured in the first World War but for another generation's experience of totalitarianism.

Nevertheless, among all the Ameri-

(*Continued on page* 47)



"The purser says he's not from your old Hussar regiment, but from something called Young & Rubicam."

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The Great European Frustration

AT THE time of George Washington's inauguration, it took almost two days for the news to reach Philadelphia from New York and six weeks to reach Paris. Today, people in Copenhagen, New Delhi, Jakarta, and Sydney know the news of an American Presidential nomination or election within seconds after it has happened. But it is not just the phenomenon of instant transmission that creates intense world-wide interest in an American Presidential election. The turnings of history have created a situation in which events in the United States often have a greater effect on the lives of other peoples than their own domestic elections or national decisions.

Wherever a man may live on this earth, the kind of job he has, the taxes he pays, what happens to his children—all these are powerfully affected by American policies. Economically, culturally, militarily, the United States is a major and intimate force in the lives of the several billion people who inhabit this planet. The same is true, of course, of the Soviet Union. But there is a special focus on the United States because of the nature of an open society in which government policies are periodically hung out on the national clothesline for scrutiny and reconsideration. The opposition candidate can threaten to tear down the entire line and put up one of his own. All this results in sound and fury that spill over to other countries.

The basic theory of an election is that the individual should have a chance to be consulted on the questions that affect his personal future and the future of the nation. Citizens have this opportunity but what about the numberless other people who are no less affected or involved? Where do they make the connection with the issues that concern them? What levers do they pull on election day in the U.S.?

This has led to what may well be the greatest mass frustration in history. It exists throughout the world but it is especially intense in Europe because of the common historical and intellectual heritage. The average European, all the way from Shannon to Crete, is up to his frontal lobes in the American elections, but he is neither consulted nor counted. For him it is a matter of agitation without representation. He has concern without catharsis.

"What Would Goldwater Do to Us?" a headline in a London newspaper plaintively asks. In Copenhagen, a news vendor features a similar headline: "Will the Republicans Abandon Europe?" And in the lobby of the Hotel Vaakuna in Helsinki, we overheard one well-dressed elderly gentleman say to another (as translated by a Finnish friend): "If I am a conservative and Goldwater is a conservative, then why am I so scared?"

A traveling American these days must be prepared to answer all sorts of questions about the election. This would be true in any U.S. Presidential campaign; what gives the matter its special intensity this time is that Europeans in general have no background for comprehending what has happened to the Republican Party. They had always associated it with orthodoxy, stability, restraint. Then, suddenly, the roof flew off.

Most of the bewilderment and attendant apprehension are the result of the use of the conservative label by Senator Goldwater. The term in European politics in general and British politics in particular conjures up names like Edmund Burke and Gladstone, and institutions like the old French monarchy. The raucousness, radicalism, and rough-house tactics of the American conservatives in the Republican primaries, and particularly in California, have startled and shocked many European conservatives.

IN the sitting room of the well-appointed Terminus Hotel in Copenhagen, we were approached by a man who identified himself as a local manufacturer of modern furniture. "I have always been interested in your country. I have always admired men like your late Senator Taft. A real conservative who really knew how to preserve the American traditions. A gentleman, too. Even though he wasn't nominated for the Presidency, there were enough men like him to give me and many of my friends confidence in investing most of our money in American businesses. But I don't recognize anyone like Robert Taft in this new crowd. They sound terribly hot-headed and impulsive to me. Do you think I ought to switch my investments back to Europe while there is still time?"

I told the Danish gentleman I wouldn't presume to advise him on his holdings. Nor was I sure enough of my ground to explain the sudden and possibly historic turning that had taken place in one of the two major American political parties. What I did try to do was to suggest that institutions in the United States were never completely institutionalized. A wide streak of vulnerability ran through even our oldest traditions and organizations. The men who fashioned the design for America's political structure could not guarantee that it would have total continuity and stability. They assumed that every now and then great tremors would occur. Their hope, however, was that no single man or party could knock the structure down. They took change for granted, and they never made the mistake of assuming that all change was for the better. What they tried to do was to keep change from being frozen in any one direction. And they tried to provide the mechanism of an inner balance that would act against any fundamental dislocation of the main uprights.

It is possible that this theory of the inner balance is about to be tested as it has never been tested before. There is every reason to welcome such a test.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Fine Fair

MAY I SPEAK in behalf of the World's Fair and also indulge in a few superlatives? Probably Horace Sutton, whom I admire greatly, may be a bit too sophisticated to see the fair in its true light [*SR*, June 13 and 20]. . . . Regarding food, had Mr. Sutton eaten lunch, as my wife and I did, at the Hilton International Roof, he could have seen six Brass Rail lunch counters from that fairly limited viewpoint. They are quite visible everywhere under their amazing plastic balloon canopies. Everybody is in the food business and you can eat for from 50¢ to $5 and get your money's worth in either case.

This is a fun fair and people are having fun. You can go all day and see wonderful shows without paying a cent. The great companies of America are spending millions in public relations and entertainment. They are evidently as concerned with promoting the idea of "Peace Through Understanding" as with the sale of their own products. They have used the latest in electronics and automation to emphasize the basic ideas for which we stand and that have made us respected throughout the world. Indeed the fair is commercial, but aren't we all?

It isn't really necessary to become footsore. Just get one of Greyhound's grand route maps and ride to anything you want to see for 25¢. Robert Moses and his associates have spent six years to give us clean rest-rooms, tree-shaded streets, plenty of drinking fountains, benches everywhere, and a grand time. I suggest the people of America love it.

FRANK M. ANSLEY.

San Francisco, Calif.

IN REPLY TO Cleveland Amory's remarks in FIRST OF THE MONTH [*SR*, Aug. 1] about those 2,000 unidentified people who "went out" of the fair more times than they statistically "went in" on one Saturday: there have been others. It happened to us on June 10. We aimlessly walked through the "out" turnstile and found ourselves in the parking lot. It was only by the good grace of two officials standing nearby that we were readmitted without paying again. The computers are still infallible as far as we are concerned. We went in *once* but out *twice*.

We are now back "where we came from," telling our friends what a great show the fair is and our experience of drifting out and being welcomed back to the fair for free. . . .

MR. AND MRS. W. S. ABBEY.

Sioux City, Ia.

The Reviewer's Lot . . .

WHEN SOMEONE STATES an obvious truth, as does Sidney Lens in *The Futile Crusade* [reviewed in *SR*, July 4], why, invariably, does the critic feel moved to argue it? Is there an agreement between government foreign policy and the principal magazine publishers to refrain from any criticism of established policy, or are many Americans honestly frightened by a crisis that doesn't exist except in their hysteria-ridden minds?

It is time that we should scrutinize our foreign policy most carefully and revise it in terms of current reality. I daresay Senator Fulbright and Sidney Lens have done more objective thinking along these lines than Frank Altschul, the reviewer. . . .

That the United States must continue to be strong and that Russian Communism poses a threat I will not deny, but that we must work with Russia for the good of world society is inevitable and can be intelligently accomplished on our part through shrewd diplomacy and the elimination of the fear hysteria that has gripped a part of our nation.

GIRARD T. BRYANT.

Kansas City, Mo.

I SHOULD, PERHAPS, be grateful for the few pats of praise by Frank Altschul in his review of Sidney Lens's *The Futile Crusade*. But I must protest your giving him so often a platform to broadcast his hatred of USSR and his rabid anticommunism. It doesn't help the cause of peace that N.C. so eloquently espouses.

Nor is the reviewer's version in accord with history. Scholarly observers seem to make out a better case of imperialism against us and our allies. They believe the Russians genuinely want peace, disarmament and nonviolent ideological competition. Let's give them a chance to prove it before brinkmanship or some steamed-up madman sets the world ablaze.

The Futile Crusade is a timely book and Lens's admonitions make good sense. In this dangerous age it should be a good policy to emphasize our rival's favorable qualities and try to control our own tempers and behavior.

IRVING H. FLAMM.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Now when I fake a stab at you, you pretend to lose your balance, then jab at me and I'll scream . . ."

Warrior vs. Narrator

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S article on the Eisenhower-Cronkite retelling of the Normandy invasion on a recent *CBS Reports* program [*SR*, June 27] concludes that the impact of the show was spoiled by Eisenhower's playing the double role of narrator and actor: "Even Achilles cannot play Homer," Shayon says. "For Normandy as for Troy, the proper role of the warrior is inside the story, not rivaling it."

Is it a case of professional jealousy that writers don't like warriors to enter their sacred precincts? Or has Mr. Shayon simply forgotten his heroic tradition? And his Homer. Maybe Achilles isn't much with words, but it wasn't because Homer was afraid of the competition. When he wrote his other great epic he made his warrior-hero tell the best parts. The marvelous tales that most of us remember from the *Odyssey* are told by Odysseus himself. The main line of the heroic tradition shows us a warrior hero who is also a man with the power of speech. . . . If Eisenhower does not fit within this great tradition, it is a personal limitation, not because the combination of roles is untraditional or improper.

ROBERT S. JACKSON.

Kent, Ohio.

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Fiction

SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION, Ken Kesey. Viking, $7.50 (*SR*, July 25)—Setting is Pacific Northwest, where conflicts loom large between a family and a lumberman's union and two half-brothers.

THE ROPE BRIDGE, Cecilie Leslie. Doubleday, $3.95 (*SR*, July 25)—Another literary encounter between India and England, this one dominated by a fifteen-year-old English girl claimed by two mothers, and by the girl's love for a young Indian undergraduate at Cambridge.

NOT IN THE CALENDAR, Margaret Kennedy. Macmillan, $4.95 (*SR*, July 25)—Cavalcade that follows fortunes of an English country family for half a century, focusing on a nineteenth-century individualist who devotes her life to teaching deaf-mute children.

I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN, Hannah Green. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95 (*SR*, July 18)—Painfully memorable and honest case history of a schizophrenic.

TODA RABA, Nikos Kazantzakis, tr. from Greek by Amy Mims. Simon & Schuster, $4.50 (*SR*, July 18)—Written in 1929 and now in English; the author's persistent contrasts between Communist generations all over the world are amazingly accurate today.

THE EDGE OF THE WOODS, Heather Ross Miller. Atheneum, $3.50 (*SR*, Aug. 15)—Young married woman with baby determinedly seeks catharsis through recounting of an unnatural childhood in this short novel by a young Southern writer.

BRIGHT DAY, DARK RUNNER, George Cuomo. Doubleday, $5.95 (*SR*, Aug. 8)—Self-told tale of an itinerant artist-cook; rambling and unorthodox, but serious and thoughtful at the core.

A MOTHER'S KISSES, Bruce Jay Friedman, Simon & Schuster, $4.95 (*SR*, Aug. 15)—Hilarious, mordant account of a seventeen-year-old college applicant and Meg, his spunky, sexy, sarcastic mother.

BIFFEN'S MILLIONS, P. G. Wodehouse. Simon & Schuster, $4.50—Silky-smooth, high-style diversion about an amiable, hare-brained chap who will inherit yards of the stuff if he keeps out of trouble.

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN, Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95 (*SR*, July 11)—Patrician portrait of a New England prep school headmaster stands at heart of this intricately constructed Trollopian novel.

THE VALLEY OF BONES, Anthony Powell. Little, Brown, $4.50 (*SR*, Aug. 22)—A second lieutenant with an insatiable curiosity and reverence for his fellow humans acts not only as hero-narrator in this novel about England during the outbreak of World War II but also as social barometer.

Nonfiction

MR. LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION: The Story of the Emancipation Proclamation, Frank Donovan. Dodd, Mead, $4 (*SR*, Aug. 1)—Especially significant because it illuminates Lincoln's deft mastery and appreciation of the cumbersome process by which ideals approach reality.

THE SCRUTABLE EAST: A Correspondent's Report on Southeast Asia, Robert Trumbull. McKay, $4.95 (*SR*, June 20)—*New York Times* correspondent who has lived some twenty years in Asia provides rare insight into what is happening in Southeast Asia.

JOURNEY AMONG BRAVE MEN, Dana Adams Schmidt. Little, Brown, $6.95 (*SR*, June 20)—Analyzes goals and aspirations of one of the most important submerged peoples in the world, the Kurds of Iraq, Iran, Turkey, Syria, and the Soviet Union.

THE MODERN NOVEL IN BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES, Walter Allen. Dutton, $5.95 (*SR*, June 20)—English critic offers acute, fresh evaluations of novelists who came up during the 1920-1960 period.

POLITICAL POWER: USA/USSR, Zbigniew Brzezinski and Samuel P. Huntington. Viking, $7.50 (*SR*, July 18)—Pioneering attempt to study the two great national systems side by side in an objective spirit, and from a broad factual base.

POLITICS OF CHANGE IN LATIN AMERICA, ed. by Joseph Maier and Richard W. Weatherhead. Praeger, $6 (*SR*, Aug. 8)—Thoughtful and provocative collection of essays—cautiously hopeful in tone—by North and South American scholars about current crises in Latin America.

ECONOMIC GROWTH IN THE WEST: Comparative Experience in Europe and North America, Angus Maddison. Twentieth Century Fund, $4.50 (*SR*, Aug. 8)—Scholarly, significant, and readable book that finds U.S. and Canada at bottom of list when it comes to fiscal savvy.

WITH FORKS AND HOPE: An African Notebook, Elspeth Huxley. Morrow, $5.95 (*SR*, Aug. 8)—Perceptive statement on the buoyant infancy and uncertain future of the new East Africa.

OLD MYTHS AND NEW REALITIES, J. W. Fulbright. Random House, Hardback, $3.95. Paperback, $1.45 (*SR*, Aug. 15)—Precisely because it makes no claims to infallibility, this may be the sensible man's guide to this year's crucial foreign policy issues.

EUROPEAN ENCOUNTER, Willi Frischauer. Macmillan, $5.95 (*SR*, Aug. 15)—Uninhibited memoir of a Viennese journalist provides behind-the-scenes look at the Europe of past thirty years.

YOUR FOOD AND YOUR HEALTH, Richard Carter. Harper & Row, $4.95—Don't be put off by banal, misleading title; this is a brilliant, highly rewarding study of the interaction between the brain and digestive tract.

ART

ART OF THE MING AND CH'ING DYNASTIES, Art Institute of Chicago—Major exhibition of Chinese art from mid-fourteenth to early twentieth century includes hanging and handscrolls, album leaves, robes, furniture, pottery, and sculpture.

NEW ART OF ARGENTINA, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, Minn.—Show covering the work of thirty-two contemporary artists indicates how international modern styles of painting, collage, and sculpture have become.

SCULPTURE AND DRAWINGS BY JACQUES LIPCHITZ, Marlborough-Gerson Gallery, New York—Retrospective survey traces the artist's career from 1912 until today; includes more than eighty bronzes and twenty drawings.

PHOTOGRAPHY

ACOUSTIGUIDE TOUR, Edward Steichen Photography Center, New York—Thirty-minute commentary traces history of photography as exemplified by works currently on exhibit in new Steichen Galleries of Museum of Modern Art. Also on view in Auditorium Gallery of the Museum is panoramic view of seventy years of movie-making, capsuled in *Stills Selected From the Film Library Collection.*

MOURKA, Tanaquil Le Clercq, photographs by Martha Swope. Stein & Day, $3.95—If anything will convert ailurophobes, this "autobiography" of a cat should do it. Text by ballerina who is Mrs. George Balanchine, and pictures by official photographer for New York City Ballet and Martha Graham.

RECORDINGS

Classical

"CARMEN" (Bizet) (*SR*, Aug. 22)—Herbert von Karajan in assured command of new version of masterpiece; Leontyne Price sings impressively and shows promise of developing excellent stage performance of the gypsy.

SYMPHONY NO. 1 (Mahler)—Long past association of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam and works of Gustav Mahler is given promise of a long future in this performance under its new young conductor, Bernard Haitink. (Philips)

"SINFONIA DA REQUIEM" (Britten)—Opportunities for acquaintance with this eloquent work of Britten's thirtieth year have been rare, a condition now remedied by St. Louis Symphony Orchestra under the direction of André Previn. (Columbia)

Popular

"ELLINGTON '65"—Always an event when the Duke turns his attention to music of others. (Reprise)

"GETZ/GILBERTO"—Big man of Bossa Nova performs his own "Corcovado," "Desafinado," "Jazz Samba," and newest, "The Girl from Ipanema," with proper pride. Getz is superb on sax, as Gilberto is on guitar. (Verve)

"CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LOWER BASIN STREET"—How Lena Horne and Dinah Shore sounded in the bygone days of 1938 through 1940 is commercial lure of this reissue. (Camden)

MOVIES

MARY POPPINS (*SR*, Aug. 22)—Walt Disney ingeniously combines live action (centered about Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke) with animation to bring this children's favorite engagingly to the screen.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA (*SR*, July 18)—Tennessee Williams's short-lived but provocative play is substantially improved upon by actors, technicians, and director John Huston.

A SHOT IN THE DARK (*SR*, July 11)—Peter Sellers proves once again that incompetence has a special knack of getting its own way as he muddles along playing the French sleuth.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES (*SR*, Aug. 8)—Charming, poignantly real study of a country Irish girl's encounters with life and love during her first year in Dublin.

TV-RADIO

THE DARING AMERICAN ("Letters From Vietnam")—Documentary special from Vietnam, dealing with motives of American volunteer helicopter pilot and showing him in training and combat: ABC-TV; Thurs., Sept. 10, 9:30-10 P.M. EDST.

LINCOLN CENTER DAY—Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center for Performing Arts in New York in excerpts from *After the Fall, Marco's Millions,* and *But For Whom Charlie*: CBS-TV; Sun., Sept. 20, 9-10 P.M. EDST.

DANNY KAYE SHOW—Premiere of new season of regular programs that maintained high quality in popular entertainment last year: CBS-TV; Wed., Sept. 23, 10-11 P.M. EDST.

GANGES—SACRED RIVER—Special color documentary that promises a look at "life along the banks of India's Ganges River from the Himalayas southeast to Bay of Bengal": NBC-TV; Tues., Sept. 14, 10-11 P.M. EDST.

MISCELLANEOUS

TELEPHONE-DIALOGUE SHOWS (radio or TV)—Listeners call in to discuss their gripes with a nimble-witted, protean M.C. (e.g., Brad Crandall, heard 7:45 P.M. to midnight in Eastern Seaboard states on NBC radio); result is slambang, variegated, often therapeutic radio.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Gresham's Law

THERE is an ancient axiom in economics, erroneously ascribed to Sir Thomas Gresham, to the effect that bad money tends to drive out good—that a debased currency sends coins of true value into hiding. Call it Knight's Law, but something of that sort seems also to be at work in the movies just now. For the past few years, pictures have been shot for television on the very same lots that produce for theatrical exhibition. But where an hour-long TV drama would ordinarily be filmed in a week (and a five-day week at that), the producers of theater-bound features generally allow themselves the luxury of shooting schedules that extend over a month or more. The additional time is spent, often profitably, on more rehearsals, more re-takes, more angles, more care in the placement of camera and lights. The explanation has always been that the larger screen, with its extremes of magnification, quickly reveals all flaws and blemishes. Time is necessary to achieve perfection.

Clearly, however, perfection was not the intent of anyone connected with *Kisses for My President,* a new Warner Brothers picture co-starring Fred MacMurray and winsome Polly Bergen. This is not a complaint leveled against the plot, a moderately amusing concoction by Claude Binyon and Robert G. Kane that postulates the election of a lady President of the United States, then examines its presumable effects upon her family. It is all played on that level of gentle, folksy humor that television has popularized as "situation comedy," complete with the kind of self-solving problems that guarantee all will come out well within TV's thirty- or sixty-minute time slots.

But *Kisses* not only plays like a TV show; it also looks like one. I have no idea what the budget was on this film, or its shooting schedule, but never before in the releases of a major studio have I been made so conscious of penny-pinching techniques. The lighting is flat, almost shadowless, which would permit the camera to move from one set-up to the next with a minimum of delay for re-positioning of the lamps. Long passages seem to have been shot from a single angle, or with the camera in rather aimless motion, with occasional, random cut-aways or inserts to vary the visual monotony. Settings, even though they reproduce the genteel opulence of the White House, have been held to a minimum; and much of what goes on outside its walls has all too obviously been photographed against rear-projection transparencies, or come from the studio's newsreel stock library.

Pragmatists may point to this as a practical solution to the studios' constantly mounting costs of production. Others have maintained that the finicky attention to detail that goes into most films is simply a waste of time: audiences do not see it anyway. But see it or not, they sense it. Motion pictures are an illusion, and the whole art of motion pictures has been developed to sustain that illusion. Whenever it is broken, no matter what the cause, some of the magic slips out. And once the magic is gone, the movies will no longer exist. So far as *Kisses* is concerned, Miss Bergen can have my vote for the Presidency whenever she wants it—but I find her picture dangerously subversive. It strikes at the roots of one of our nation's most cherished institutions.

IN *Marnie,* Alfred Hitchcock also gives evidence of having lingered too long in the neighborhood of the small screens. Another of his Psychology I primers, it commits what is, for Hitchcock, the unpardonable sin: it never stops talking. Though he uses the now fashionable technique of cutting abruptly from one sequence to another, from one locale to another, the net effect is merely to speed the viewer from one conversation to the next. And since the conversation is mainly concerned with why "Tippi" Hedren quite literally sees red from time to time, quails at lightning storms, and neurotically steals from everyone who hires her as a secretary—a mystery that is eventually cleared up in a fast five-minute flashback at the end of the film—it tends to be more expository than exciting. Even the one true Hitchcock touch, a masterfully laid out long-shot in which Miss Hedren robs a safe on one side of the screen while a cleaning woman works her way toward the open door on the other, is dissipated in a payoff as fraudulent as the finale of *The Birds.* It might conceivably satisfy an audience that has nothing more stimulating than a commercial to look forward to, but certainly not anyone who remembers Hitchcock in his prime.

On the other hand, the French, although never particularly noted for lavish décor, have come through handsomely in *Cartouche,* a gay and splendid swashbuckler that has all the exuberance of the old Douglas Fairbanks films, apart from its strange and mordant ending. With Jean-Paul Belmondo as an eighteenth-century Robin Hood and lovely Claudia Cardinale as his fiery gypsy sweetheart, *Cartouche* has color, charm, humor, and beauty. Best of all, thanks to director Philippe De Broca, it has the look and feel of a *movie.*

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SR WORDS

There is more in *Saturday Review* than meets the eye, and Boris Randolph of Los Angeles, California, has found a way to prove it. Every word below can be constructed from letters contained in *Saturday Review* (although a letter can be used only as often as it appears in these two words) and you are asked to fill in the words to match the definitions. Answers on page 47.

1.	S _ _ _ _ _ R	article of clothing
2.	S _ R _ _ _	examine closely
3.	_ S _ R _ _ _	platform
4.	S _ _ R _ _	sparkling
5.	S _ _ R _ _	turn aside
6.	_ _ S _ R _	wardrobe
7.	S _ _ _ R	sylvan deity
8.	S _ _ R _ _	robust
9.	_ _ _ _ S _ R _	cherish
10.	S _ R _ _ _	endeavor
11.	S _ _ _ R	drain
12.	_ _ S _ _ _ R	more neglected
13.	S _ _ _ R	step
14.	_ _ S _ R _	long for
15.	S _ _ _ _ R _	custodian

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Daniel (Bubblegum) Boone

A NEW television series, *Daniel Boone*, makes its debut on the NBC network September 24. Whatever its quality, its "merchandising" potential must have contributed greatly to its success in winning a place in the network's prime-time evening schedule. In merchandising a program "property," the owners grant licenses to retailers who pay for the privilege of "tying-in" their products with the program (for instance, a clothing manufacturer might sell Buck Rogers sweatshirts). The tie-in television industry, according to one estimate, "now grosses some $200 million a year (compared with total TV broadcast time sales of $1,318 million and with time sales of $591 million for AM and FM in 1961)." The impressive figure reflects the thickening blur in the line between broadcasting's advertising context and its non-advertising content.

The first legendary hero of the American frontier enjoys great stature with the kids. Fess Parker plays him in the new television series, and he did pretty well with *Davy Crockett* on TV, as parents with long memories will recall. The real Daniel Boone was a man of extraordinary courage and considerable simple dignity, which even the coolest of modern historians have not denied him. He was not averse to publicity in his later years, and he even tried unsuccessfully to make some money out of his memoirs. But the clash of this American legend with television's cash-nexus tie-ins has its ironic overtones. An NBC publicity release indicates that even before *Daniel Boone* hits the air, the merchandising market will exceed the bullish expectations of its promoters.

The first meeting devoted to merchandise tied-in with the series was "an overwhelming success," reports NBC's Manager of Merchandising Enterprises. "It attracted an overflow crowd of ninety-five buyers, whose enthusiasm indicates an even greater selling response than the *Davy Crockett* campaign of 1954. Forty licenses have been signed to date: T-shirts, pajamas, sweat shirts, frontier jackets and trousers, bubble gum with frontier trading cards, toy wagons and canoes, and toy forts with soldiers." Other tie-ins include a Daniel Boone-Fess Parker look-alike doll, a special frontier-style lunch kit, and a comic book that will contain application blanks for membership in Trail Blazer Clubs (monthly distribution: 5,000,000). "A special plaque is being designed . . . in conjunction with logos, identification patches, hang tags, and labels. . . . Many variations are available . . . covered-wagon displays, Log Cabin Syrup containers, powder horn packages . . . etc."

An Indian tepee, a pioneer cabin (suitable as a Trail Blazer Clubhouse), a Fess Parker-Daniel Boone knapsack, and a birch-bark canoe—"self-liquidating premiums"—somehow don't harmonize with the hardships, cruelty, and death that attended the savage Indian wars on "old Kaintuck's dark and bloody ground." The feeling persists that the kids are being exploited. They are trading their childish credulity and admiration for a culture hero for a mess of Log Cabin Syrup and comic books. "Nonsense!" counters the acquisitive spirit, "You're being much too solemn; it's all perfectly harmless, and useful to the national economy."

Boone himself might not have frowned upon the tie-in. His whole life was "a great speck" (speculation), to borrow one of his favorite phrases. He loved wilderness hunting and scouting, but they also had a purpose. He traded in furs, surveyed land for real estate developers, and dreamed of owning his own vast acres as the payoff for his opening the Wilderness Road and establishing the first settlement beyond the Appalachians. He was actually rich for a time. But he was a poor businessman and ran into bad luck; and in the end he had but a few paltry acres in Missouri to show for his service to his country. Kentucky sold ten thousand acres of his property for back taxes the very same year it honored Boone by naming a county after him. He was an exploiter, it may be fairly said also, along with the rest of the nation as it pushed its early eighteenth-century Manifest Destiny. He persuaded the Cherokees, in 1775, to sell 20,000,000 acres to a land company for 10,000 pounds of "Indian goods." When the "merchandise" was parceled out, "one disgusted brave complained that his share was only a shirt that he could easily have earned in a day's hunting on the land they had given away."

The deal with the Cherokees probably seemed reasonable and harmless to Boone and his associates. The universal myth of superabundance in land and game was abroad. Having exploited Indians and having been exploited himself, he might see no harm in his exploitation by television. He might even find in Fess Parker, the actor who plays him, the embodiment of the American dream. "Although Fess Parker is the personification of pioneer America before the cameras," relates an NBC biography, "away from TV he is a far-sighted fellow with diverse interests. He is a sportsman, investor, businessman, and developer. In Santa Barbara, California, he is part owner of Rancho Santa Barbara, a $1,500,000 mobile-park home."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"Maisie! Is that your answer true?"

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A Little Winkel of Paradise on the Mittelmeer

FOR ANYONE who has taken temporary shelter, as I did recently, in a cypress-bordered abode on the French Riviera, Instant Italy is at the elbow. One has merely, in proper season, to hail a passing hydrofoil—they call themselves the *poissons volants*—or to drive eastward along one of the three Corniches: the *inférieure*, along the sea, the *moyenne*, elevated but not scary, and the *grande*, a hair-raising highway that wiggles through the mountains. The turnoff is a place to separate the middlebrows from the daredevils and those who are just plain chicken. On the way out of Nice, one recent morning, I fell upon the Moyenne Corniche first and that decided my route into Italy.

The middle road took us past the Château Madrid, a splendid castle restaurant where I was taken for lunch once during a mid-war leave, past the settlement of Eze on a hilltop promontory, built as a protection from the pirates only to be stormed by the Moors. We ran high above Monte Carlo, where one February afternoon early in 1945 I had sat on the grass and looked down upon it and bought chips from French kids who sold them as souvenirs. Somewhere down there was the palace where years after that I sat with Rainier and the Philadelphia princess and discussed such matters of import as the care and feeding of small children and the difficulty of keeping your help happy if you import them from Guinea.

Crossing the border, even in a rented car, was a breeze, and all that could be considered disappointing about it was the absence of the feathery hats formerly worn by border guards. As most travelers do, we sailed into that Riviera outpost of Italian cuisine, La Mortola, and sat on the terrace over the road while the trucks and motorcycles roared past trying desperately to jar the serenity of the view out to sea framed in flowers and vines. Just over the border from the frogs'-legs Provençal country, we dined on *tagliatelle Bolognese, scampi e gameri fritti, fragole al Marsala* and half a bottle of Verdicchio.

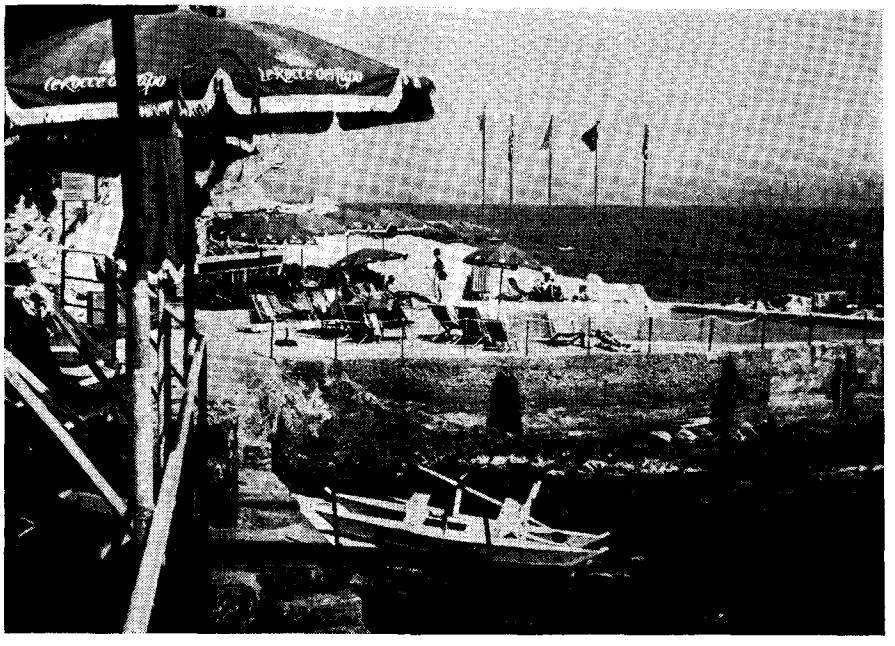
Ventimiglia and Bordighera are sunwashed resorts to this day, but they are dated, having enjoyed a vogue when Russian princes journeyed across all Europe to escape the rigors of the Russian winter. A gentle renaissance is afoot at Ospedaletti, which brims with *pensiones* and hotels. The newest and the most unusual of them is Le Rocce del Capo, built into the rock at the very edge of the sea. To reach it one must veer off the main seaside highway and descend along a pitched driveway that leads to an unused railroad tunnel. The facade is deceptive, for within, the hotel unfolds in a series of surprises. The rooms have step-down terraces, all enclosed, but faced with a huge picture window that peels back to let in the roar of the sea. If the rush of water fails to lull you, the windows can be closed and the central air-conditioner turned on. No room-service waiters and no bellhops invade the privacy of the guests. Nor does anyone knock. Breakfast is placed on a tray that is slipped into a compartment that opens from the hall. The guest opens the compartment from the inside. Into another cubicle he places shoes to be shined and into a third clothes to be laundered. They are picked up by the staff and returned the same way. A bell announces the arrival of servants at the door and guests can press a button on the telephone signalling the servants to come in or get lost.

Sun-baking guests sprawl on the rock beach or around the apron of the splash pool. But for days that are less than sunny there is a huge indoor pool filled with heated salt water and surrounded by a second-floor deck restaurant. Health baths and massages, both underwater and on dry land, are available alongside the pool. About $30 carries the day (tips and taxes included) for two in summer, about $23 in the low season.

San Remo, five kilometers farther on, is both an old Italian city and a palmy resort. In some sections it looks like the back alleys of Genoa, with the houses jammed against each other and narrow promenades for pedestrians. For most visitors who come, it is a city of palm-lined drives, of leafy parks and gentle weather. It lives on tourism and flowers, and otherwise has no industry at all. Horse-drawn carriages clop through the streets. Bananas grow in earthy plots along the pathways. Fishermen, fish peddlers, fish-buying housewives all crowd along the quays, and so do strollers and sailors off the visiting ships, frequently Americans. The Bagni Lido Bar and the Canadian Tea Room serve toasted sandwiches and refreshments for a hot afternoon. Pushcarts dangle hazelnuts on a string, and sell pineapples and coconuts. Date palms spread a canopy of filigreed shade over the park benches. Those lucky enough to find a place can take their ease and look out to the gaggle of confusion along the sea wall where nets are drying and vendors sell shells and crabs and fish just landed.

THE sun and seascapes of the littoral are quite different from the old town, which is like an inland city held over from another age. You must park your car in the plaza and proceed by foot, climbing the steep alleys where strings of Italian baloney called *mortadella* hang in odoriferous splendor in the delicatessens, gold gleams in the vitrines of the

(*Continued on page* 34)



—*H. S.*

Le Rocce del Capo—privacy and picture windows by the sea.

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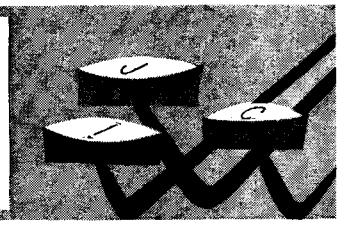
Manner of Speaking



Memorials, Yes: This One, No: I recently received a letter from a man in Dallas who is preparing a memorial volume of essays on the theme of President Kennedy's much quoted inaugural summons, "Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country."

Along with many other American writers, as I gather, I was being asked to write an essay on this theme. In it, I was to discuss ways in which I felt an individual could serve his country in response to Mr. Kennedy's summons. And I was instructed to keep the total wordage within "two printed pages." The projected volume of essays was described as noncommercial, its proceeds to go to the American Freedom Foundation at Valley Forge.

As far as I am concerned, Valley Forge itself has always been an American Freedom Foundation. I am glad to know that to that conceptual foundation there has been added an organized office. May both the concept and the office flourish in the same spirit. In answer to the specific invitation, however, I had to send my regrets without being entirely sure I could add my good wishes.

But though my reply went into the mail, it did not go from my mind, which continued to be tugged two ways by the thought of that projected memorial. I had been asked to write on President Kennedy's inaugural statement and about ways of being useful to my country. The evident assumption was that the two themes were identical, and I cannot believe they are. I am, let me confess, more than a bit wary of the sort of self-abnegation called for in that inaugural summons, and I am moved to what I hope is the socially useful act of doubting that its reiteration is the most fitting memorial to President Kennedy.

Let me hope it is no disservice and no disrespect to recognize that an American President must be a political man. Mr. Kennedy knew politics as well as he knew the name of his own grandfather. He also knew where the TV cameras were pointed and who was sitting in front of the picture screen. He could not fail to know that his inaugural was an unmatchable occasion for setting the public image of his incipient Administration. Nor could he fail to know by how slim a margin he had won to office, nor that it would take a powerfully affirmative image to rally the country round him. All these are matters of the minimum political prudence we expect of a President.

Mr. Kennedy was the first American President to have been born in the twentieth century. That fact became the basis of his chosen public image—the image of the youthful leader in dangerous times.

The paragraph before the famous "ask not" begins: "In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger." It goes on to mention "the energy, the faith, the devotion" demanded by that danger. Following directly from the idea of such danger and of its demands upon us, the central summons begins, "And so, my fellow citizens, ask not. . . ."

The reasoning could not be more direct: we are living in a time of maximum danger; that danger imposes extraordinary duties upon us; and, therefore, we must prepare for extraordinary sacrifices.

What citizen could disagree? What I fear, however, is that the summons has already been dislodged from its context of extraordinary sacrifices demanded in extraordinary times, and that it has begun to be accepted as a description of the normal social contract implicit in a democracy. Or if my fear is still baseless, will it remain so when that single sentence, torn from context, has ingrained itself in the minds of school children as a self-evident summary of the American idea in peace as in war?

For whether men know it or not, words are powerful upon them. They are, in fact, more powerful as men are less conscious of that power. And these are ringing words. Churchill's "blood, sweat, and tears" were also ringing words. So were Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." But Lincoln's words, I must believe, rang with a better idea of democratic principle than I can find in any call to total self-abnegation.

Perhaps I resist President Kennedy's summons out of a sense that it was a calculated piece of public speaking. I resist it the more strongly when I think how easily it could be perverted into a call for sentimental tyranny, or for some sort of spiritual Sparta in which the individual exists only for the state. And I must certainly resist making this summons a memorial to a tragically truncated Presidency that had begun to give evidence of a far more compassionate historic imagination than I can find in the summons itself.

I prefer to memorialize President Kennedy in the fact that his Administration was actively committed to asking not only what the individual can do for the state, but what the state can—and must do—for the individual. What President would not sooner be remembered for his efforts to bring food to the hungry, work to the able, medical care to the sick and aged, equality to racial minorities, education to the young, and the arts to public acceptance? Remembered for these efforts, rather than for a rhetorical summons to the individual to submerge himself in the state.

TIME of war is time enough for such sacrifices. Nor have Americans been slow to answer in their dire times. Yet, I doubt that the strength of the GI in any age has been drawn primarily from moral exhortation and indoctrination.

In part, at least, it has been drawn from the sure knowledge that the machinery that sent him into danger would accept every reasonable risk in order to get him back if he were cut off, to rescue him if he were captured, to heal him if he were wounded, to tend him mercifully if he were disabled, and to care for his dependents if he were killed. The selflessness of Hitler's and Hirohito's zealots was never for the bedraggled and grumpy GI. Even when the kamikaze was inflicting his worst damage, we shuddered at the thought of him as some sort of automaton that had surrendered its manhood to an inhuman religion of the state. Nor was it by accident that the ever-grousing GI carried the day against the zealots.

The unreflecting submergence of self into the state is not native to the American character even in time of war, and it is certainly not native to it in time of peace. Americans have always insisted on asking what their country could do for them. And the country has prospered on that insistence. Perhaps because the central idea has always been "of-by-and-for" the people; of those three conditions as inseparable parts of one motion. Perhaps, as I believe, because it is only in knowing the "for" of government—what the country can and must do for the people—that a man can really sense what the people can and must do for the country. Remove "for" from that triple balance and government falls away from the democratic idea.

Whatever his rhetorical choices, President Kennedy was as deeply committed as any man to that necessary triple balance. His fit memorial, I suggest, is in the acts by which his Administration worked to maintain that balance; not in an easily warped phrase that never did express his whole intent, but that was meant, as I must believe, to dramatize the challenge he accepted.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Seesawing on the Social Ladder

NOT LONG ago a friend of mine whose literary judgments I respect wrote to say that I had neglected a novelist, Mary Lee Settle, who was, he thought, worth serious consideration. She had, he said, just published the third volume of a trilogy, and he felt that "*somebody* ought to read the three books consecutively and write about them as one." "I think," he went on, "he'd find that Mary Lee Settle is a considerable author, not in our topmost flight, but far above the crowd."

So I got hold of the books and, as I found time, I read them—read them with pleasure and growing admiration. The unifying factor in the trilogy is the setting, in what is now West Virginia, which we see at three widely separated intervals. The first novel, *O Beulah Land,* published in 1956, shows us the valley as it was discovered by the pioneers in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Four years later came *Know Nothing,* which portrays the same area in the decades before the Civil War. *Fight Night on a Sweet Saturday* (published last spring by Viking at $4.50) gives us the present.

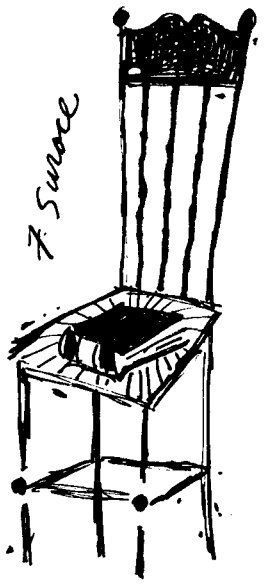
O Beulah Land begins with an extraordinarily powerful description of a young woman fleeing through the wilderness after the defeat of Braddock in 1765. She is found and succored by Jeremiah Catlett, a solitary pioneer and religious fanatic. Hannah, it later turns out, was deported from England as a whore and a thief. The book, however, is not merely her story, interesting as that is; it presents a variety of pioneers, some regretting the amenities of life in Tidewater Virginia, others eagerly grasping the opportunities the frontier offers. Careful not to romanticize the pioneers, Miss Settle gives us figures we can believe in.

In *Know Nothing,* which begins in 1837 and ends in 1861, the central character is Jonathan Catlett, descended from several of the persons we met in the first novel, including the redoubtable Hannah. Johnny's frustrated love affair with his cousin, Melinda Lacey, is the central theme, but the action is involved with all the boiling issues of the period: the tension between the old and new parts of Virginia, the Negro question, the battle of the sexes, and the ruthless exploitation of the land.

The third novel, *Fight Night,* is not only contemporary in its setting but also in its style, which becomes nervous and sophisticated. The narrator, Hannah McKarkle, is a descendant of the Catletts, the Neils, the Kreggs, and other familiar families, but she has got away from Canona, West Virginia, and is living an independent life in New York. As the story begins, Hannah, in bed with a lover, has a telephone call. The caller is her brother Johnny—another Jonathan—for whom she has strong affection. As the call goes on and on, she realizes that he is out on a Saturday night binge, and can follow his progress through Canona. On a hunch she flies to Canona early the next morning, learning on arrival that Johnny has been seriously injured in a fight and is unconscious.

When Hannah's father hears the sad news, he asks, "How did it all go so wrong?" This is the question Hannah has been asking herself and continues to ask. Because her mother wasn't much interested in her, Hannah was able to escape; her sister Melinda, however, was molded by the mother in her own image, and Johnny was kept under her thumb. He rebelled against his mother's values, but his rebellion took the form of reckless living, and this was a kind of revolt that Mrs. McKarkle could accept, since it fitted her ideal of the Southern gentleman. In his heart Johnny knew he was not free, and he hated himself for his cowardice and ineffectuality.

Johnny dies without regaining consciousness, and Hannah is left to her speculations. As the story of Johnny's last night is reconstructed, there are many ironies. The Negro policeman with whom Han-



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nah talks turns out to have been a childhood playmate of hers and Johnny's and to have some of the same ancestors. The man who struck the deadly blow was Jake Catlett, an unemployed miner full of blind resentment. Jake is a relative, too, descended from what was once the most aristocratic of the region's families. And the whole bunch of them are descended from the first Hannah, the London whore.

Although *Fight Night* is extremely readable in and by itself, one grasps the whole of Miss Settle's design only if one reads the three books in order. The ironies I have mentioned are examples of the social mobility, up and down, that is one of the main themes of the trilogy. In the passing of two centuries descendants of old Tidewater families become poor whites, while the sons of humble farmers, grown rich by the exploitation of natural resources, form a new aristocracy. Pride of family, as exemplified by Mrs. McKarkle, becomes ridiculous.

In the course of the struggle for wealth and social position the land itself is devastated. As we read about the pioneers, we admire their struggle to conquer the wilderness, but we see that many of them are greedy and reckless. In the second volume the exploitation of the region's resources—wood, coal, oil—has begun on a large scale, and in the third we see the consequences of this process. The Hannah of this book, flying over the area in which the first Hannah made her heroic pilgrimage, looks down on a scene of desolation.

There is human waste, too, and Johnny is not the only one to suffer. Mrs. McKarkle not only lives in the past but tries to make her whole family do the same. Her version of the past, of course, is carefully edited, with all the family skeletons tucked out of sight. She has completely enslaved her husband and one of her daughters and has ruined the life of her son. Nor has Hannah, though she has managed to get away, been left unscarred; she tries to conceal her wounds, but we know they are there.

Miss Settle is much concerned with the past, but not at all in the spirit of the Mrs. McKarkles, for she is seeking the truth behind the myths. Looking at the hideous waste all about her, she asks, as Hannah's father did, "How did it all go so wrong?" She sees plenty of evil in the present, but she does not romanticize the past. She does not write out of nostalgia, but out of a passion to understand how things happen to be the way they are. She courageously attempted a work on a grand scale, and she has brought it to completion. I am grateful to my friend for calling my attention to Miss Settle, and I hope that some of my readers will in turn be grateful to me.

—Granville Hicks.

ON THE FRINGE

A Peach Called Bracken

"This is the room in which Frederick Loewe wrote the music for *My Fair Lady,"* Peg Bracken said as she ushered me into her suite in New York's Hotel Algonquin. "I was told that when they moved me in."

Picture, if you will, Miss Bracken, a slender, dark-haired woman in a smart blue suit, and myself, whom I don't plan to describe, moving across her living room to take chairs and talk about her work. As neither of us brought anything new to this prosaic moment, I'll pause here for a few facts about Peg Bracken. *Life* magazine has labeled her "the Jean Kerr of the West Coast" (which may, or may not, make Jean Kerr the Peg Bracken of the East Coast). Her three most recent books, *The I Hate to Cook Book*, *The I Hate to Housekeep Book*, and *I Try to Behave Myself* (an etiquette book published this past March), have zoomed to the impressive figure of 350,000 copies in print in the United States alone, according to her publishers, Harcourt, Brace & World. She was born in Twin Falls, Idaho, which accounts for the Far Western breeze running through her speech, was graduated from Antioch College, started out as an advertising copywriter, and has gone on to become a roaring success in the bookstores and on the ladies' lecture circuit. Today, she makes her home "in a wee, picturesque town just minutes north of the Golden Gate Bridge if you drive like hell."

And now back to the seated Miss Bracken. "Well, what can I tell you? I'm really just a fuzzy old peach."

There is absolutely nothing fuzzy or old about the peach named Bracken. If anything, she looked too smartly turned out to fit the picture of a woman to whom thousands of housewives turn for light-hearted help. I broached that subject gingerly. Miss Bracken tossed me one of her bright-bird looks. "People accuse me of never having worked around a house. Hmm! I'd love to be buttled but no one has ever offered to buttle me. And I've been cooking for somewhere between ten and fifteen years. I'm an okay cook—I don't blush but I don't boast. Frankly, I'd rather eat out.

"When it came to writing the cookbook, I didn't do any research. I borrowed a few recipes and I stole a few others. And as for the housekeeping book, well, I once wrote a housekeeping column so I had a backlog of information to work from. I'd say I'm a non-expert in everything."

How does the noted non-expert account for the success of her books? "I think it lies in the word 'comfort' or maybe 'kinship.' Do you know that doctors have given copies of *The I Hate to Housekeep Book* to patients who were getting migraines over housework? I'm told it absolves them of guilt feelings if they let everything slide.

"You know, I never wanted to write anything big. I just didn't want to get kicked off the team. I always wanted to write humor. I wrote the most dreadful things before I was twelve. I was trying so hard; it was just awful. Now, for the most part, I put things down as I feel them. I go under the assumption that if it makes me laugh, others will, too.

"I'm a compulsive writer—7:00 AM to 12:00 PM—not a fast writer. I work at the typewriter and I'm a polisher to hell and gone. My daughter, Johanna—she's eight and one-half—objects to the 'I Hate to' titles. She wants me to write a book called 'But I Do Love You.' I'm looking for a book to fit the title. One thing it won't be about is child-raising. That's too serious a subject on which to lead anyone astray."

The next Bracken project, on which she has been getting a head start this summer, is a newspaper column to be nationally syndicated beginning in September. The title will be "And Another Thing from Peg Bracken." "It will be about whatever I care to write about. Pestiferous little problems, even topical matters. For example, I might take up the question of what's eating de Gaulle

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and what's de Gaulle eating. The column will be written from the woman's point of view and, if God's with me, funny."

Miss Bracken cocked a suspicious eyebrow at my notes as I prepared to leave the Frederick Loewe shrine. "You make something out of this interview and they'll double your page rate. That's the sign of a good writer. I'm quotable but dull."

And I'm still getting the same page rate.

We all know that book publishing costs, along with practically everything else, have been steadily rising. But for a clue to how quickly and how much consider *Great Houses of Europe*, edited by Sacheverell Sitwell, which will be making its second appearance in American bookstores come October. An extremely handsome volume, it contains fifty-four color plates and more than 400 monochromes. In the fall of 1961 G. P. Putnam's Sons first imported the book from Europe, where it was printed. Geared for the Christmas market, the book carried the price tag of $19.95 until January 1, 1962, $22.50 thereafter. The quick sell-out of those copies of three years ago has prompted the second appearance this fall. Price? Until January 1, 1965, $22.50, $25 thereafter. If you're ever going to buy the book, I'd plan on doing it this year. The next time around it might be cheaper to buy one of the great houses.

The latest twist on the old Pyramid Club, chain letter, or whatever you call it in your neck of the woods (remember when you sent quarters, dollar bills, or U.S. Savings Bonds to complete strangers in the hope that a little bread cast on the water would bring back a fortune on the next tide—but it never did?) involves books and the pre-school set. The letter going around now reads as follows:

> In two days make six copies of this letter, omitting the top name and adding yours to the bottom.
>
> Send a 29¢ Little Golden Book to the top name. Two five-cent stamps will cover the postage for the book. In two weeks you will receive thirty-six books.
>
> Please do not drop out. This is not a chain letter, but a Child's Book Club. If you do not follow through, please let my mommy know.

A check with the two mommies I know who got suckered into this baby bunko game reveals that they have yet to see anything arrive in their morning mails other than the monthly bills. I imagine the picture over at Golden Press is a brighter one.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

Spirals of Reason and Fancy

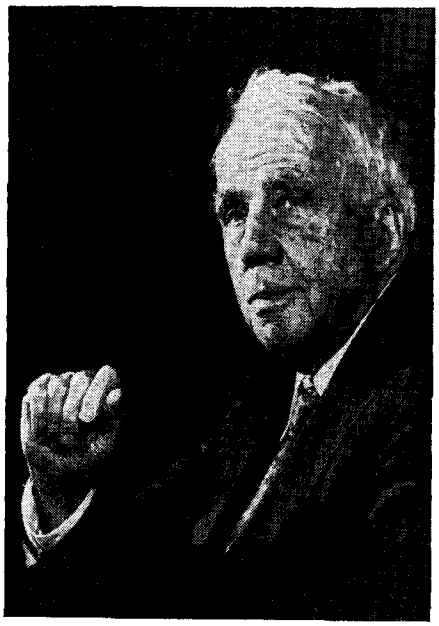
Selected Letters of Robert Frost, *edited by Lawrance Thompson (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 645 pp. $10), invites the reader to "roll his own" biography of the great American poet from the potpourri of correspondence offered therein. Leon Edel himself read thousands of letters in writing his Pulitzer Prize biography of Henry James.*

By LEON EDEL

A POET'S voice falls silent; the thousand threads connecting him to the world are cut; yet he can enter sometimes upon a strange posthumous life. There will be no more poems; but letters, written at forgotten moments, remain. They come tumbling out of attics (or filing cabinets), and the old voice continues to be heard, saying now in public what it hitherto said in private. With great wisdom, the common law has given to heirs—in perpetuity—discretion over a man's private utterances. But indiscretions occur; along with the finer things, scraps and leavings find their way into print: perfunctory letters, personal ephemera. A curious notion seems to exist that an unpublished letter is an affront to posterity; that every word set down by a genius or talent must be published—even in variant versions. This may be true for the men of long ago; they left so little that we cherish their every word. But the moderns leave millions of words, entire archives, whole libraries.

Their documents are not only words on paper: there are tapes, kinescopes, photographs, notes set down by their students or their Boswells, records of their doings in the nation's press. There is even salvaging from the wastebaskets. In the very nature of things, a rigorous, discriminating hand is needed to select the genuine from the spurious. Letters, at their finest—we have the example of Keats—add to the sum and glory of literature. The shavings and scribbles, when they survive, belong to the private papers: they are raw material, by-products of genius; and like by-products they need processing.

These reflections are prompted by the appearance of Lawrance Thompson's selection of Robert Frost's letters. Only eighteen months have passed since Frost died; yet this is the third volume



—*Karsh, Ottawa.*

Robert Frost—a "contrived rustic."

of his correspondence to be published. The first contained Frost's letters to Louis Untermeyer, and it was clear at once that in the poet we had a master of epistolary prose. Untermeyer challenged Frost on professional grounds, on questions of the day, on the problems of their life of poetry, and Frost responded with the full vigor of his restless mind. The second collection, Frost's letters to his long-ago pupil John T. Bartlett, testified to his genius for friendship. Now Thompson, Frost's designated Boswell, who wrote *Fire and Ice: The Art and Thought of Robert Frost*, has brought out the first miscellaneous collection; it duplicates about 100 letters printed in the Bartlett and Untermeyer volumes, and offers another hundred from assorted correspondents to or about Frost. There are only 370 new Frost letters, chosen from some 1,500 that were available.

The volume suffers from being a curious mixture of the transcendent and the trivial; it has been planned in terms of biography rather than of epistolary art, but there is enough of that art present to give us the sense of Frost's qualities. He wrote letters as if they were a running soliloquy, or a series of informal monologues. He talks always to an audience, as he did for so long in public. The manner is characteristically salty, with a kind of intellectual euphoria, the sentences building up into spirals of rea-

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son and fancy. The poet is a master of badinage: he toys with ideas, life, the world—chuckling all the while. His most winning mask is that of the contrived rustic, the rural curmudgeon, offering the wisdom of the soil. The rhythm of poetry is in his sentences, and they often have a wry twist in their tails, an extra beat, an echo of what he has just said: he would "touch earthy things and come as near to them in words as words would come." Or he offers us the well-made line, "I never saw New England as clearly as when I was in Old England." The rhythms were there even in schoolboy Robert, aged twelve or thirteen, scribbling to a schoolgirl in his classroom, "I like you because I cant help myself and when I get mad at you I feel mad at myself too." The letters make us feel the vitality of the man, and the richness of his inner being. And they are often at their best when, as Thompson says, Frost "acknowledges his limitations as human being and as artist." One sees indeed that behind the boastfulness and the vanity there could be self-doubt and pain, and yet with it an unquenchable thirst for *gloire*, in the fullest sense of the French term.

The biographical side of the book suffers from the absence of early letters, so that we are plunged almost at once into Frost's adult life. Thompson shows us the poet's beginnings as teacher and farmer, the famous journey to Georgian London, the sudden publication of a slim volume in England, and the recognition of this new American voice on both sides of the sea. After that we journey with Frost through his personal tragedies and public triumphs—death, madness, suicide in his family, on the one hand, the adulation of a nation on the other. The worldly heights are constantly scaled: but there are recurrent plunges into the depths. Increasingly the dual personality emerges: the man who could say that a poem "begins as a lump in the throat, a sense of wrong, a homesickness, a lovesickness," but who also announces, "I am become my own salesman." He was to have all the honors many times over: some forty-five honorary degrees, four Pulitzer Prizes, Congressional applause, the laureateship of the Kennedy Inaugural; he was to be emissary of the State Department and the voice of American letters in academies and learned bodies. Only the bounty of Sweden was withheld; but he was even there in good company with Mark Twain and Henry James. Year after year he simply acted, indeed helped to create—longevity aiding—his personal legend.

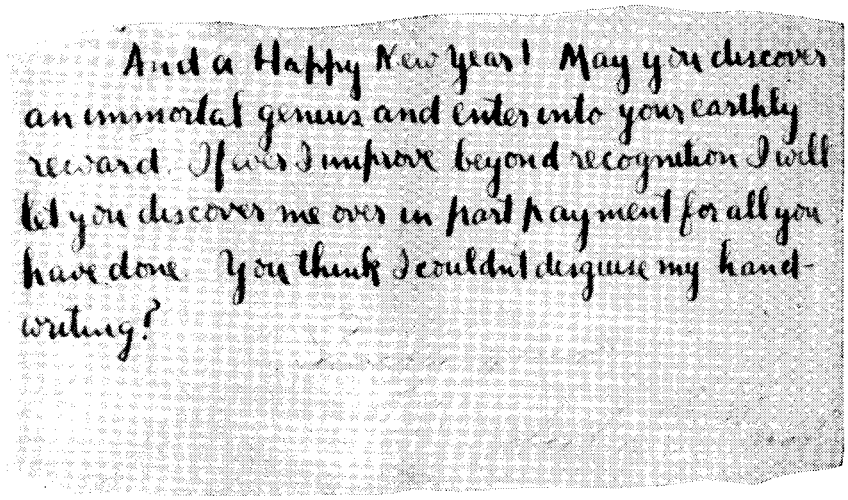
The tragic side of Frost's life is somehow overshadowed in these pages by the exuberance of the public Frost. It is difficult to know whether the disproportion is due to lack of material or the rationale of selection. The editing of a poet's letters so soon after his death militates against a rounded volume: many letters are still in private hands. And then there are restrictions invisible to the public: the need to show respect for the living as well as the dead; testamentary stipulations; the safeguarding of privacies; the hazards of libel. One seems to discern also the pitfalls that exist for the modern Boswell. Lawrance Thompson began as Frost's official biographer; he became one of his intimates. He is clearly "involved" with his subject, has been perhaps too close to it for too long, and is still in search of "distance." He tries very hard to be objective, and with utmost candor draws our attention to the poet's weaknesses, a formidable list: arrogance, gloom, jealousy; he is resentful, sulky, vindictive, given to violent temper and rages.

A striking instance of the problems of a Boswell is brought out in this book. Frost was clearly troubled that Thompson would make him out to be more religious than he was. "I grow curious about my soul," he teases Thompson, "out of sympathy for you in your quest for it." One suspects Frost may have been right: documents here given show only a pronounced ambivalence, but Thompson dismisses his blasphemies and says that he never rejected faith for long. Comparing him to Job, he overlooks the fact that Job never wavered, while Frost was inclined to skepticism and mockery. The editor prints a letter from the poet to himself commenting on Thompson's book on Melville's "quarrel" with God: "You do take away from Melville's stature a little in making him bother to believe in a God he hates."

As one turns the pages of this volume, one is struck by the artificiality of many of the documents: there are too many letters to manuscript collectors, too much importance is given to autograph hunters and the bibliophilic marketplace. We are exposed also to routine letters from college presidents proffering degrees, business letters from the White House, banal everyday telegrams—all sorts of material that would look fine under glass in an exhibition of "Frostiana" but which hardly belongs in this kind of book. Such materials can be summarized in a few sentences and footnotes.

There are other anomalies; the annotation is sparse, books and persons are not identified, useful dates are missing. More serious still, the editor allows certain ungenerous things said by Frost about persons still living to stand in the text. There will be, one feels, needless hurt—hurt never intended by Frost, for he was speaking in private. Finally there is a strange self-indulgent index, "enriched" says the editor by its topical headings; but impoverished, we must add, by its failure to do what indexes usually do—record the names of many persons occurring in the letters. One would never know from it that T. S. Eliot is mentioned, or Shakespeare; or that Edna St. Vincent Millay is characterized.

In his introduction, Thompson invites "the thoughtful and imaginative reader" to play a game: he proposes to him a kind of "do it yourself" biography of Frost, or, as he puts it, this kind of reader can "roll his own" biography from the "makings" offered here. Biographies are not as easily rolled as cigarettes, especially from such ill-assorted makings. The enigmas of life are not answered by a handful of letters, some telegrams, a list of honorary degrees, a genealogy, and a topical index. Thompson too easily believes that he has furnished enough material to permit the writing of Frost's life; and he assumes that a biography can be written by amateurs. Thoughtful and imaginative readers will prefer to enjoy as much of the epistolary Frost as is available here and leave to Thompson his appointed task of resolving the biographical paradoxes of a great American poet.


And a Happy New Year! May you discover an immortal genius and enter into your earthly reward. If ever I improve beyond recognition I will let you discover me over in part payment for all you have done. You think I couldn't disguise my handwriting?

Letter dated 27 December, 1896, from Frost to Miss Susan Hayes Ward.

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A Thistledown Personality

The Diary of Alice James, *edited by Leon Edel (Dodd, Mead. 241 pp. $5), written by the brilliant invalid sister of Henry and William, reveals her courage and irony in the face of approaching death. Gay Wilson Allen, professor of English at New York University, is working on a biography of William James.*

By GAY WILSON ALLEN

AFTER nearly three-quarters of a century the *Diary* of Alice James, the invalid sister of William the philosopher-psychologist and Henry the novelist, has finally been published in a complete and accurate text, to which the famous biographer of Henry James, Leon Edel, has contributed a "portrait" which may be called the first biography of Alice James. Both achievements, text and biography, are of major importance, for this *Diary* is one of the neglected masterpieces of American literature. It is similar in some ways to Emily Dickinson's poems, both in its transmutation of pain into art and in the posthumous bungling of its first editor.

As Edel says, "Alice James's record is a particular page of personal history, in an otherwise obscure life, as well as a page in the annals of a family of intellectuals. There are few such documents in American or English literature. Its 'facts,' as Henry James warned us, are suspect; it is filled with gossip and exaggerations; it seems to be, at times, little more than a series of exclamations. Yet it is an intensely human document."

It is well known that the family which produced the philosopher and the novelist was as eccentric as it was brilliant. The father, Henry James, Sr., had suffered a traumatic accident in childhood when he lost a leg as a result of a fire. But a handsome annuity from his father's three-million-dollar estate enabled him to lead a life of independent study and travel. He also wrote numerous books on his Swedenborg-oriented philosophy, which the Swedenborgians disowned and scarcely anyone else could read. He regarded the education of his children as his major purpose in life, but moved them around so often and tried so many experiments that he frustrated all of them except Henry, Jr., who at an early age spun a protective literary cocoon for himself and crawled into it. William was barely saved from crippling neuroses by a lucky marriage, while the lives of the two younger sons were wrecked by drink, Civil War wounds, and erratic judgment.

—*From the book.*

Alice James—a little girl in her craved attention.

But it was Alice, the youngest child, who paid the heaviest penalty for her father's eccentric genius. And part of her misfortune lay in having a mind as brilliant as those of her two older brothers, who always overshadowed her. All four brothers spoke and wrote to her in the most adoring terms, but the undertone of irony, intended for innocent teasing, tortured her. Before she was fifteen she suffered fits of hysteria, and before she was twenty she realized that it was a fight to the death between her body and her will.

In her *Diary* Alice attempted to analyze her condition: "Owing to some physical weakness, excess of nervous susceptibility, the moral power *pauses,* as it were for a moment, and refuses to maintain muscular sanity, worn out with the strain of its constabulary functions." Only her will kept her from throwing herself out the window, or "knocking off the head of the benignant pater as he sat with his silver locks, writing at his table, it used to seem to me that the only difference between me and the insane was that I had not only all the horrors and suffering of insanity but the duties of doctor, nurse, and strait jacket imposed upon me, too."

In her late thirties, after the death of both parents, Alice James found satisfying companionship with a healthy, vigorous young woman named Katharine Loring. William James's wife, also named Alice, seemed to suspect lesbianism, but Professor Edel never mentions this term, and it would suggest an oversimplification. Edel's explanation is that, "Beyond the normal need for friendship, a little girl lurking in Alice out of the earlier years craved individual attention as well as the center of the stage." A crisis came when Miss Loring had to take her ailing sister to Europe, but Alice went, too, and eventually won the complete possession of Katharine. However, this did not work a cure. In fact, as Henry observed, when Katharine came back to her after an absence, "Alice takes to her bed." This comment, incidentally, does not mean that Henry was unsympathetic. He knew that her suffering was real, even if the doctors could find no organic cause. As he expressed it, "tragic health was in a manner the only solution for her of the practical problem of life."

Alice James began keeping her *Diary* on May 31, 1889, before she knew how really "tragic" her health was. Her intention, much like Emily Dickinson's in writing her poems, was to provide "an outlet to that geyser of emotions, sensations, speculations and reflections which ferments perpetually within my poor old carcass for its sins. . ." The earlier pages are chiefly interesting for her satirical comments on British life and character, which she knew, as she often reminded herself, only through her servants and the British newspapers. It was the time of Irish agitation for "Home Rule," and her Gaelic blood made her fiercely partisan. She could also laugh at Henry's innocence and William's restlessness, but most of all at herself for her inconvenient ailments that baffled medical science.

It was almost a relief, therefore, when a distinguished physician finally discovered that Alice James had cancer of the breast and had only a few months to live. Her courage in facing death and rationally analyzing her sensations add a dramatic suspense to the last six months of her diary. This bravery was not a perverted pleasure, nor was it based on a compensatory fantasy of a life after death—she was too agnostic for that; it was a half objective, half ironical view of her own pathos. She wondered whether it was "an entire absence or an excess of humor in Destiny to construct such an elaborate exit" for her "thistle-down personality." At times she regretted not being able to attend her funeral: "Having been denied baptism by my parents, marriage by obtuse and imperceptive man, it seems too bad not to assist myself at this first and last ceremony. . ." But it was without irony that she declared, "All the pain and discomfort seem a slender price to pay for all the happiness and

(*Continued on page 28*)

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Report on your health:

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An important key to diagnosing heart trouble is the heartbeat diagram made by an electrocardiograph. In advanced experiments, an IBM computer has been used to read these diagrams. In such tests the computer examined hundreds of points along each line of the electrocardiogram—the "picture" of the heart's electrical activity. It then quickly printed out a detailed analysis for study.

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(*Continued from page 25*)

peace with which [Katharine] fills my days." Nor was she unappreciative of the help Henry in his visits and William in his letters gave her. Near the end she cabled William, "AM GOING," and he cabled back his congratulations.

The story of the publication of this *Diary* involves family jealousies that need not be rehearsed here. The manuscript was willed by Alice James to Katharine Loring, who had four copies printed, hoping to get the family's consent to publication. Henry, appalled to find his confidential gossip recorded with names spelled out, burned his copy. William found the *Diary* interesting, both personally and psychologically, but locked up his copy without thanking Miss Loring. Robertson James, the youngest brother, whose unreliability all feared, never received a copy or knew of its existence. Finally the *Diary* was edited in 1934 by Mrs. Anna Robeson Burr, with some deletions and lapses, upon the request of Robertson's daughter. Mrs. Burr wrote an introduction that gave more details about Alice's younger brothers than about Alice, thus giving the work a distorted setting. Professor Leon Edel has now restored the original text, and his "portrait" of the author is a biographical gem.

Wily Welshman at 10 Downing St.

The Mask of Merlin: A Critical Biography of David Lloyd George, *by David McCormick (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 343 pp. $6), presents a stateman whose gifts and flaws were equally titanic. J. H. Plumb is the author of "Men and Centuries."*

By J. H. PLUMB

A PITY, this book. It is poorly constructed; the research has been superficial; the text reads as if it had been hurriedly dictated into a tape recorder. And yet it cannot be dismissed as a mere potboiler for the centenary of Lloyd George's birth. David McCormick holds the attention from start to finish, and, in spite of his superficialities and literary shortcomings, his biography will remain a useful contribution to what is likely to be a monumental field of scholarship—the life and character of Lloyd George, one of the two statesmen of world stature that Britain has produced this century.

Mr. McCormick's thesis is simple. Lloyd George possessed immense gifts and, in his youth, resolute principles and deeply radical sentiments. But even at the very start of his career these qualities were fissured by vanity, and by an opportunism that could betray not only his own dominant beliefs but also those of his social origins and background. As he grew in power, so his gifts developed: his mesmerising charm, which could win politicians to his cause as easily as girls to his bed; a powerful oratory that never lacked either wit or passion or murderous sarcasm; a pliability in regard to detail that obtained decisions and results where none seemed possible; and, perhaps most magisterial of all, an awareness of political disaster for others as well as himself that enabled him to avoid the pitfalls that everywhere surrounded him with the sure tread but sightless vision of a somnambulist.

Lloyd George's shortcomings matched his gifts. His tactics were always better than his strategy, and his preoccupation with the present lost him the future. Yet more serious was his lack of integrity, and even worse his failure to decide in mind and heart what he really wanted either for English life in general or British politics in particular. Immediate success was the wine of his life—dishing the Tories, going hard and fast for a wider social justice, winning World War I by the most ruthless methods of political intrigue, manipulating the Treaty of Versailles, exploiting anti-German hatred in order to stay, so he hoped, in power for a generation. These were brilliant technical victories, and were obtained by exploiting all the resources of his political genius. But there were no New Deals, no New Frontiers, no Great Societies that called on his countrymen to join him in the pursuit of a common greatness.

—*From the book.*

Lloyd George in bardic robes—immense gifts and shortcomings.

In the great Liberal ministry of 1906 Lloyd George came nearest both to greatness and to sincerity with his concern for the sick, the aged, and the unemployed, and he managed in a few brief years to lay the foundations of British social welfare. Yet even at this time he was so quick to compromise, so determined to win immediately, that he often bought the shadow rather than fight for the substance of his program.

Mr. McCormick sees in Lloyd George a basic lack of integrity that grew worse with power, leading him into moral squalor. His agents sold honors, and without doubt he pocketed, into his personal political fund, many of the takings. Greater depths of moral turpitude, however, were reached in his policy towards Ireland, with his scandalous tolerance of the sadistic brutality of the Black and Tans, who behaved as bestially as any licensed thugs this century, the S.S. only excepted. Indeed, it was this lack of fundamental moral integrity, combined with his lust for power and delight in finesse, that made him something of a dupe of Hitler and a danger to his own country in World War II—so great a danger indeed that his old and loyal friend Winston Churchill likened him to Marshal Pétain.

IT is a harsh case that Mr. McCormick makes, but not in essentials unjust. He sustains it. And yet, in so doing he cuts down Lloyd George's stature too severely. Lloyd George possessed greatness. This needs to be stressed time and time again. Corruption and greatness can exist in the same human being. Lloyd George's courage was vast, his abilities beyond the common run of politicians. He made victory in World War I possible for the Allies—and we could have lost. His social legislation, soft and half-hearted though it may have been, helped Britain to ride through the bitter class conflicts of the Twenties without a revolution or violent social change. And Lloyd George helped to break the upper-class stranglehold on British politics and administration. His hatred of the pompous, the respectable, and the stupidly arrogant may have opened the gates of British public life to rogues and charlatans; but these were few, and the majority whom he encouraged and enticed within were men of distinction whose chance of public service might have been negligible but for him. He may have abused power and gloried in it for himself, but he did not deny it to the gifted or the odd.

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A Finer Art of the Possible

Foreign and Other Affairs: A View from the Radical Center, *by John Paton Davies, Jr. (Norton. 219 pp. $4), is a searching look at U.S. policy by "an unfrocked diplomat." John M. Allison, deputy acting chancellor of the Center for Cultural and Technical Interchange Between East and West, Honolulu, has served as American Ambassador to Japan, Indonesia, and Czechoslovakia.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

THE LATE Senator Joseph McCarthy can be blamed for many things; but perhaps his greatest crime was the pressure he put on the State Department that led to our government's losing the services of many imaginative, perceptive, and dedicated men, and to a general lowering of standards in the Foreign Service. John Davies was one of these men. It proved impossible to get rid of him on the grounds of disloyalty, but Senator McCarthy was against him and he had to go. The charge was "lack of judgment," based on the fact that, among other things, Davies had forecast that Chiang Kai-shek would not be able to prevail over the Chinese Communists on the mainland. Today there are few in high places who do not share this view.

There were, of course, other elements considered, too; and this book gives an inkling of some of them, although Mr. Davies at no time discusses his own case or exhibits any of the personal bitterness that might have been expected. But it is obvious from his trenchant criticisms of much of the official approach to foreign problems, and from his own down-to-earth, realistic attitudes, that he must have been a trial to the self-assurance of some of his superior officers.

The author's shafts are by no means directed only at the Eisenhower Administration, under which he became, as he says, "an unfrocked diplomat." They hit with equal force at the New Frontier of Mr. Kennedy and, to a somewhat lesser degree, the Johnson Administration. Mr. Davies particularly criticizes the "moral militancy of the federal government," which he claims bears "little relation to realities at home or abroad."

In this collection of "random observations" Mr. Davies treats of our AID program, the nuclear balance of terror (or "imbalance," as he prefers to call it), the United Nations, the Sino-Soviet cold war, the manner in which we treat our civil servants and particularly the Foreign Service. He also examines the whole American approach to diplomacy and foreign relations. In connection with the latter he offers this text for a sermon:

> Mixing policy and morality usually leads to self-righteousness, exaggerated expectations, offended sensibilities, moral recriminations, and a train of emotional reactions needlessly befogging and complicating relations between states, often without accomplishing the ends sought.

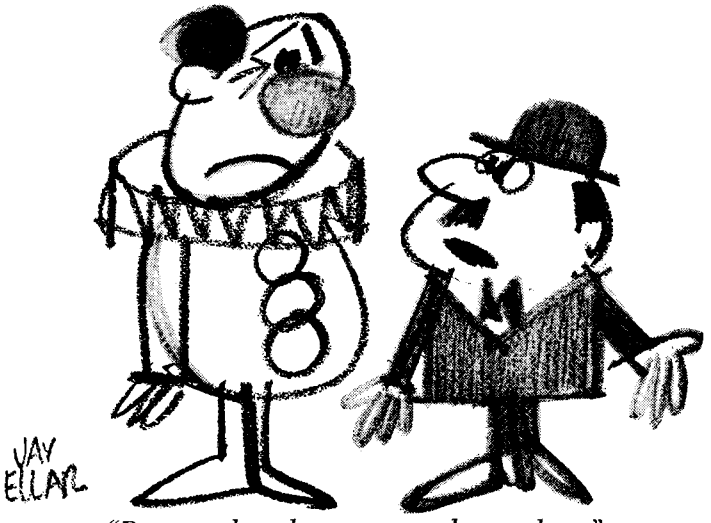
In applying this text to specific problems, Davies is especially critical of the AID program and, most of all, of the Alliance for Progress in Latin America. He is well qualified to discuss this, for since he left the Foreign Service he has lived in Peru and has seen at first hand just what the Alliance has and has not done. Davies claims that the Alliance has been ineffectual because it was not based upon a realistic understanding of Latin America; that it tried to force reforms on Latins, who, in spite of the Alliance, persisted in being themselves, and that it was a "defiance of diplomacy as the art of the possible."

His chapter on the "Imbalance of Terror," which deals with the problem of war in the nuclear age, is a clear, nontechnical exposition of what we are faced with today. It should be read by politicians of both parties before they make loose promises or threats during the coming campaign. Davies rightly sees that conflicts will persist, but he urges responsibility and realism in dealing with the inevitable, and says we should hope that "everyone remembers that wars, after all, are fought for finite gains at finite costs." (After reading statements by some of our more prominent politicians one doubts that this will always be remembered.)

According to Davies the United Nations is "the victim of the supersell"; we have expected too much from it. He claims it would have made sense if it had been kept within reasonable bounds, as would the Grand Design for Atlantic Unity and the Alliance for Progress. But, he charges, these were all given the Paul Bunyan treatment, with unfortunate results. Yet he makes clear that there is a great place for the United Nations if it be related to practical possibilities. "The main thing," he says, "is to keep alive some symbol of hope of a future world order as we . . . grope our primitive, frightful way through international anarchy."

Mr. Davies's detailed account of the Sino-Soviet quarrel is an example of his always practical approach to other issues. The latter part of the book, which deals with our civil service and Foreign Service, is also of special interest in an election year. It would be well if the voters would read these chapters and then demand that all candidates pledge themselves to observe the lessons set out therein. We would thus help to insure that our permanent government officials would more nearly reach the standard required by the nuclear age.

Many years ago Daniel Varé, a cultured, imaginative Italian statesman, said in one of his books that the perfect diplomat should "be an idealist without being Utopian and a realist without being a cynic." Anyone who reads John Davies's book will see that the description fits him. It is a pity Senator McCarthy got him.



"But we thought you were happy here."

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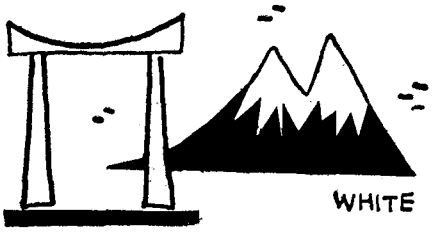
Genji's Tale in Heian

The World of the Shining Prince: Court Life in Ancient Japan, *by Ivan Morris (Knopf. 336 pp. $5.95), evokes not only the society about which Lady Murasaki wrote in "The Tale of Genji" but the world contemporary with it. Among Kenneth Scott Latourette's many books on Asia are "A Short History of the Far East" and "The History of Japan."*

By KENNETH S. LATOURETTE



HERE is a book that combines first-class scholarship with engaging readability. The subject is the aristocratic society at Heian, the capital of Japan, in the tenth century. The main source is the famous and massive novel *The Tale of Genji,* by Murasaki Shikibu, a woman who was one of the circle that she describes. The title, *The World of the Shining Prince,* comes from the sobriquet of Prince Genji, the novel's hero. Since *The Tale of Genji* has as its major concern the daily lives and intrigues of fictional characters—offering little or nothing on the political and economic situation in which they were set, and only slight hints of the condition of the masses and even of the upper classes outside the group that is its subject—Ivan Morris has utilized other contemporary sources. He is at home in the Japan he describes, has mastered its language and history, and takes the reader with him, not only into the local scene, but also into contemporary Europe, Middle East, Central America, and especially China. In his enthusiasm, he regards the court at Heian as advanced culturally as any other part of the tenth-century planet. He fully recognizes, however, that Heian comprises a small fraction of the population of Japan of the day, that it was absorbed in ceremonial, which must have been boring, and led a life relieved chiefly by the composition of poetry, gossip, and amorous intrigues. The political structure had been modeled on that of China. The art, philosophy, religion, and language of China were regarded as standard.

The author is fully aware that what he describes had passed its apex. The emperors were figure-heads; the offices, with high-sounding titles copied from China, carried prestige but no significant duties and were filled, not by competitive examinations, as in China, but through family connections. Outside the capital the administrative machinery was breaking down. Impotence was disguised by the domination of the Fujiwara family, but already in the provinces a new power, that of the military, was developing, which two centuries later was to govern the land while permitting the imperial court innocuously to continue its traditions.

Professor Morris describes the fashion in which the Heian circle in other ways was modifying what had been received from China and was placing its distinctive stamp upon it. For example, *The Tale of Genji* was written not in Chinese characters but by phonetic syllabic signs that the Japanese developed.

Various aspects of the Heian culture are taken up. We read of the persistence of the native Shinto, of the fashion in which the imported Buddhism was being modified, of the superstitions influenced by the geomancy and the *yin-yang* interpretation of the universe derived from the mainland, and of the theoretical respect paid to Confucianism but the disregard in practice of basic Confucian ethics.

The author has informative chapters on the relations of men and women in Heian, on the cult of beauty, on amusements, on Murasaki Shikibu herself, and on the extensive studies of *The Tale of Genji* by Japanese across the centuries with the theories about it that have been put forward. His appendices add to the usefulness of the volume, and the full bibliography of titles in Japanese and other languages, chiefly English, are one indication of the scholarship that has gone into the book. The dedication is to Arthur Waley, with whom the author has studied and whose translation of *The Tale of Genji* is a notable achievement.

Boners About Badmen: If it matters that the sallow, buck-toothed little murderer known as Billy the Kid was killed by Pat Garret in 1881 rather than 1882 or that Sam Bass robbed the train at Allen Station on February 22nd rather than the 23rd, or that most books about Western badmen contain more fiction than fact, then Ramon F. Adams's massive and meticulous correction of the record—*Burs Under the Saddle: A Second Look at Books and Histories of the West* (Univ. of Oklahoma)—is quite a contribution. There is some doubt that it matters enough to warrant the analysis of 424 separate titles in a $20 volume of 609 pages of small type.

Few fields suffer quite as much from the indiscriminate admixture of the labors of the antiquarian and the historian as does Western history. So dilute has its scholarship thus become that Denver publisher Allan Swallow could read a paper to 300 Western Americanists in 1962 entitled, "The History of the West: The Worst Scholarship in America"—and walk away unscathed.

The West has made its own image historically, and a foolish image it is—all cowboys, badmen, vigilantes, and Indians. Yet none of these things really mattered much in the West's development. The sheer poundage of material written about them clearly indicates the imbalance that is involved in basic research and publication and perhaps explains also why many talented scholars are driven to other fields.

Not that Mr. Adams is an antiquarian, but he makes no distinction between those who are and those who aren't, or between what matters and what doesn't. And it is precisely the failure to make the latter distinction that has brought the level of scholarship in Western history to such a sorry pass. Mr. Adams's subtitle is "A Second Look at Books and Histories of the West." But there are precious few legitimate histories among the 424 titles included, and there is precious little in most of the books and broadsides that matters at all.

Granted that Mr. Adams's acid excoriation of the myth-makers is fun to read, granted also that he has done a remarkably exhaustive job, one finds oneself wishing that his obvious talents had been applied to a subject worthy of them. —K. Ross Toole.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1100

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1100 will be found in the next issue.

APEAFXC XO ZPS'O ZXYC CP RX-

CCRF HFE.

MGLAF MKGCPE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1099

Every good poet includes a critic, but the reverse will not hold.

—Shenstone.

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Twilight Man with Sorrow

***A Single Man,** by Christopher Isherwood (Simon & Schuster. 186 pp. $4), depicts the anguish of a college professor over the death of his aberrant lover. Emile Capouya's reviews are frequent features of SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

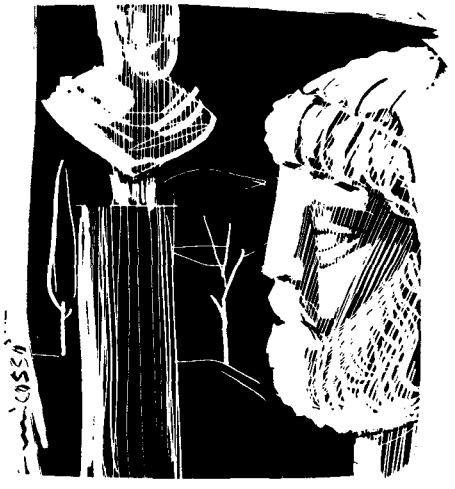
> Time, that with this strange excuse
> Pardoned Kipling and his views,
> And will pardon Paul Claudel,
> Pardons them for writing well.

TO WRITE well, what is that? Perhaps to say something at least fairly important, and say it in a way that reveals its importance. Naturally, that formula has no direct usefulness as a critical yardstick. In matters as subtle as metaphysics and as mysterious as style, yardsticks are out of place. All we have to go on is our natural sensitivity and our experience of masterpieces. And our conclusions as to whether or not given works are well written will represent choices rather than judgments, informed preferences rather than certainties. And yet those choices, those preferences, we feel are matters of life and death.

Kipling was a British imperialist, and Claudel – to exaggerate somewhat, for he differed from Belloc and Chesterton more than he resembled them – a Heavenly one. At some remove of time and culture, we forgive them much of their imperialism, for it is no longer a live issue. We see that they built better than they knew, said things that have general importance, and said them in a way that reveals their importance to us now. Kipling and Claudel may have been parochial, but we are not of their parish. Some of their poetry transcends the limits they thought to impose upon it, and speaks to us; we become their countrymen, and not within the British Raj or the Gallican church, but in the human world.

All because they wrote well. W. H. Auden's verse seems to say that a merely technical excellence is what is implied in writing well. But Mr. Auden is a poet, and says less than he means. The poet's method is the opposite of the politician's. Senator Goldwater, for example, says that extremism in defense of freedom is no vice. An unexceptionable remark. However, when we examine his voting record and his collateral statements, it turns out that freedom, for the Senator, is merely freedom to continue to oppress the Negroes, ignore the sick and the aged, and threaten the world with war. Clearly, his language is grander than his content. Mr. Auden's "writing well," on the other hand, turns out to comprehend the Law and the Prophets. He says technique only, but he means the ethic of civilization.

Now if, as we cannot doubt, Mr. Christopher Isherwood writes well, and has been doing so for decades, why are we dissatisfied with him and inclined to take as a near-insult his publisher's suggestion (or possibly only the copy writer's) on the jacket of his new novel, that he is "one of the great writers of our time"? If the same suggestion were made about Mr. Auden, his collaborator in four major projects, we should probably have to agree, perhaps after some unsporting reflections on what constitutes greatness in our day. I imagine that Mr. Isherwood inspires and offends us for reasons that are strictly temporal, and that some pure sublimate of his ideas and attitudes may survive this time to speak more immediately to a future generation. Think of the early Berlin stories, and how they addressed our preoccupations: in presenting very nearly the same scene, Thomas Mann used the phrase "disorder and early sorrow"; but a romantic notion like sorrow is just what is not to be found in Mr. Isherwood's Berlin, that spiritual Sahara whose atmosphere at one time so shocked and stimulated our moral senses. Then after a few years we find ourselves struggling with the collapse of a civilization, and we credit the artist with having contributed to our failure. In retrospect the author seems to have written well and yet not wisely, if such a thing can be. And as our panic increases we find his point of view a greater and greater exacerbation of our distress. I thought the author's last novel, *Down There on a Visit*, detestable.



In that novel, one of the characters utters a memorable diatribe against women. For concentrated venom, this homosexual *cri du coeur* can only be matched by the outpourings of the nuttier churchmen of the Middle Ages. What was most disturbing was the reader's sense that if the author did not wholly endorse that appalling libel, he still took an extra-artistic pleasure in presenting it. Well, when we are faced with the collapse of a civilization, it is unnerving to have a character with the temper of an Arthur Rosenberg exercize his obscene talents on fully half of the human race.

But I think that the emergence of the modern homosexual sensibility as the dominant spirit of contemporary art has either begun to lose its novelty and shock-value, or else finds us too enfeebled, by this time, to react appropriately. One begins to feel that the implied and actual threat to our values is ceasing to be a live issue—perhaps because our values are not as lively as they were. In any case, I can see that *A Single Man* is a sober portrait of an aging homosexual, about as childish as the rest of us, and no more monstrous. Miss Elizabeth Hardwick, writing in the *New York Review*, was moved to be ironical about George, his tastes, and his circumstances. That, I take it, is the last gasp of the old world-view. I am here to state that one male American, formerly touchy as most on the question of homosexuality, found George sympathetic, and only intermittently offensive —when he reminded me of what I most dislike in myself – during the twenty-four-hour period that we are permitted to know him. He is fifty-eight years old, bereaved of a lover, carrying on the battle of life with the unlikely armament that is all any of us has, instincts and reflexes plus culture. We see him assemble his consciousness in the morning, live through a day and night of average foolishness, and die in his bed. Something momentous has happened—not in the book, I think, but in us. What should be most shocking – a story of a man whose sexual feelings are directed to men, reversing one of the essential polarities of human life—has failed to shock us. We are even a little bored. I think that Mr. Isherwood writes well, in the full poetic sense. I think such a judgment can only be fully vindicated by the suffrage of a generation that will differ significantly from ourselves. I suspect that such a generation is already represented among the seeds of time, and so much the worse for us.

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Life Is a Sandpit

The Woman in the Dunes, *by Kobo Abé, translated by E. Dale Saunders (Knopf. 239 pp. $4.95), in a bizarre microcosm illuminates the human predicament. Earl Miner, professor of English at UCLA, is co-author with Robert H. Brower of "Japanese Court Poetry."*

By EARL MINER

THE STORY of an unprepossessing schoolteacher captured on an insect-hunting excursion and subjected to slavery would seem merely bizarre if it were not treated in a meaningful way. Some of Kobo Abé's readers will recall Kafka's manipulation of a nightmarish tyranny of the unknown, others Beckett's selection of sites like the sandpit of this novel as a symbol of the undignified human predicament. Yet others will see that Abé remains wholly Japanese in rendering his abstract theme through particulars observed with such attention that they take on an almost perverse beauty. It is appropriate that he should have won the Akutagawa Prize for an earlier work, because like Akutagawa in *Kappa* he has created a myth of suffering humanity within the recognizably real frame of contemporary Japanese society.

He depicts the ease with which man loses civilized values while yet insisting upon a residual humanity. The unhappy schoolteacher is led skillfully from an initial realistic situation to his hovel in a sandpit where, like the other slave householders of the wretched seaside village, he is forced to keep back the encroaching sand. Throughout the novel he desperately plans escape. His single attempt is a failure, and when at last he might get free he has grown indifferent to release.

The result of enslavement is steady degradation and, conversely, the hero's growing respect for the woman of the book's title. Her strange appeal is partly that of enslavement, partly of femininity. She is artistically more successful as an individual and as a symbol than as an excuse for sexual excursions. There is no question about the success of the two central symbols, insects and sand. Ironically, the insect collector becomes the insect prey: "He [the hero] was a big black fly that thought it had taken flight when it was only bumping its head against the windowpane in its effort to get out." The sand is alive and yet deadly, the hostile environment in which man must seek to establish his individuality, humanity, and civilization. The schoolteacher fails to escape it, but he comes to understand that life is a sandpit and even to achieve some dignity in his degradation. "His dreams, desperation, shame, concern with appearances – all were buried under the sand."

In such a novel much depends upon intensity of tone, upon the credibility given the action, if the theme is to carry conviction. Apart from certain aspects of the woman and a section near the middle of the story, the tone and meaning are well sustained. What happens seems intolerable precisely because it is so grotesquely credible. With this novel, which E. Dale Saunders has so readably translated, Abé joins the van of contemporary writers.

The attractive illustrations by his wife, Mache Abé, and the handsome bookmaking by Alfred A. Knopf are well deserved.

John Leggett—"unqualified success."

Extraordinary, Ordinary People

The Gloucester Branch, *by John Leggett (Harper & Row. 248 pp. $4.95), depicts a crisis in the life of a businessman who is victim to the compromises of everyday experience. Victor Chapin wrote "The Company of Players."*

By VICTOR CHAPIN

JOHN LEGGETT's new novel is concerned with two crucial days in the life of Sam Fayles, aged forty-three, a customers' man in a Boston investment firm. At thirty Sam was an idealist who married for love. Now he is a conformist trying to put the big deal through, and his marriage has collapsed into hostility. He is in love with another woman, a younger replica of his wife.

As Sam lives through these two days, he relives a few moments from that earlier time when he, his wife, and, it would appear, the world were different. The contrast is poignant. To readers of an age with Sam, it is likely to be painful. The skill with which Leggett reveals his characters both as they are and as they were is impressive, for, changed as they are, we never doubt that these are still the same people.

A failing marriage is almost as painful to read about as it is to behold. Leggett does what many novelists fail to do. The virtues and faults of both partners are well balanced in the argument. The reader feels sympathy as well as annoyance with both; better still, he never loses hope for both. Sam and Julia are attractive, intelligent, high-minded. Julia, like so many genteel Boston girls before her, is a victim of her concepts. Sam is a victim of the compromises that life invariably forces upon a man who takes on responsibilities. He has substituted ambition for idealism, and finds that he is unable to play his assumed role with confidence.

The man on whom he has fixed as a means of realizing his ambition is Martin Chalk, a dynamic operator of thirty, who is not at all like the man Sam was at that age. Sam learns his lessons from Chalk, and so does Julia. Here one sees, subtly dramatized in a quietly compelling climax, one of the basic struggles of life, that between mind and instinct. Martin Chalk, unimpeded by the niceties of good society, is the catalyst who frees Sam and Julia from their confusion of concepts and reality. The author shows with true insight that the refusal to conform can be just as damaging as the determination to do so.

Leggett's first novel, *Wilder Stone,*

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was a best-seller four years ago. *The Gloucester Branch* has all the qualities which made that book attractive, and, I think, a good many more. Though the drama is muted, the characters transcend the merely accurate. They have their own identities, which are clearly and honestly revealed, and share a common identity with most of the people who will be reading about them. Leggett has undertaken the novelist's most difficult task—to write about ordinary people who lead ordinary lives, and to show that they are anything but that. He has made an unqualified success of it.

To Chihuahua Dogged by Chiquitas: Despite its ingenious construction and its many vivid "scenes," a good many based on picturesque *trouvailles* Robert Lewis Taylor came upon in obviously wide research, *Two Roads to Guadalupe* (Doubleday, $5.95) is the kind of historical novel whose parts are bigger than their sum. The story is so much a "construction" rather than the result of an organic growth that the reader's credulity is often strained to the breaking-point.

Perhaps this is due to Taylor's device of presenting the story through the pens or journals of two totally dissimilar brothers, volunteers among the thousand or so famed "Free Missourians" under Colonel Alexander Doniphan in the Mexican War, 1846-1848. Young Sam, only fifteen when the war starts, keeps his diary of horrendous personal adventures in a linsey-woolsey, shrewd-yokel style; older brother Blaine, a delicate and aristocratic spirit who rapidly turns violent under the pressures of battle, conducts his journal as an amateur historian.

The brothers leave Fort Leavenworth and stick with Doniphan, a family friend, through the Santa Fe, Navajo treaty, Brazito, El Paso, and Chihuahua episodes. Doniphan's job is to close one of the blades of the several pincer movements in President Polk's strategy of encircling Mexico.

Sam and Blaine have many eccentric and larger-than-life-size companions. None is stranger than a young Missouri lass so much in love with Blaine and such a rebel against convention that she succeeds in joining up with the Missouri Volunteers disguised as a young man expert with horses. Her masquerade is successful for much longer than you would expect, and the preservation of her virtue in view of her capture by the mysterious and sadistic Don Narciso even more of an achievement.

The prim Blaine magnetizes women without even trying. All the way from El Paso he is dogged by another girl rebel, this time a patrician Mexican beauty who hopes to become his "laundress," as the Volunteers euphemistically described the women who accompanied them, but has to settle for being a real one. She, for different reasons, keeps her virtue as intact as that of the American girl.

The novel is kaleidoscopic, shifting from one picturesque character to another. To them the war seems a lark and the reasons for it mighty secondary to their individual thirst for adventure. Through both narrators the Mexicans, despite exceptions here and there, emerge as a most unsavory lot.

—Lon Tinkle.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

Death of a Skin Diver. By Simon Jay. Doubleday. $3.95.

Dover One. By Joyce Porter. Scribners. $3.50.

Mark of Murder. By Dell Shannon. Morrow. $3.50.

Passage by Night. By Hugh Marlowe. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

Warmaster. By Philip McCutchan. John Day. $3.95.

Current Affairs

African Socialism. Edited by William H. Friedland and Carl G. Rosberg. Stanford Univ. Press. $6.75.

Fiction

After the Flesh. By Leslie Hedge. Coward-McCann. $3.95.

As Sounding Brass. By Alan T. Nolan. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

The Best American Short Stories 1964. Edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett. Houghton Mifflin. $5.50.

The Candy Butcher's Farewell. By Lester Goran. McGraw-Hill. $5.50.

Farang. By Dean Boyd and Marjorie Martin. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

Threshold. By Stephen Coulter. Morrow. $3.95.

History

Dardanelles Patrol. By Peter Shankland and Anthony Hunter. Scribners. $4.50.

The Invasion of Europe: The Story Behind D-Day. By Allan A. Michie. Dodd, Mead. $4.

Those Mysterious Etruscans. By Agnes Carr Vaughan. Doubleday. $5.95.

Literary Criticism

The Artifice of Reality: Poetic Style in Wordworth, Foscolo, Keats, and Leopardi. By Karl Kroeber. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $6.50.

The Courtly Maker: An Essay on the Poetry of Wyatt and His Contemporaries. By Raymond Southall. Barnes & Noble. $5.

Criticism and Medieval Poetry. By A. C. Spearing. Barnes & Noble. $4.

The Literary Art of Eugene Fromentin: A Study in Style and Motif. By Arthur R. Evans, Jr. Johns Hopkins. $4.95.

Malory's Originality: A Critical Study of *Le Morte Darthur*. By R. M. Lumiansky and others. Johns Hopkins. $6.50.

The Novels of Samuel Beckett. By John Fletcher. Barnes & Noble. $5.

The Rhetorical Hero: An Essay on the Aesthetics of André Malraux. By William Righter. Chilmark. $3.50.

Shakespeare Our Contemporary. By Jan Kott. Doubleday. $4.50.

Miscellany

The Complete Book of Low Calorie Cooking. By Leonard Lewis Levinson. Hawthorn. $4.95.

Papillot, Clignot et Dodo. By Francis Steegmuller and Norbert Guterman. Farrar, Straus. $3.25.

Sugar and Spite. By Mike Jackson. Doubleday. $4.50.

To Set Before a Queen. By Alma McKee. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

What Men Dare Do: The Story of Pararescue. By Eloise Engle. John Day. $4.50.

The World of Camera. By Camera Magazine. Doubleday. $14.95.

Personal History

Black Robe: The Life of Pierre-Jean Desmet, Missionary, Explorer and Pioneer. By John Upton Terrell. Doubleday. $4.95.

Golden Friends I Had: Unrevised Memories of Margaret Widdemer. By Margaret Widdemer. Doubleday. $4.95.

The House of Ashes. By Oscar Pinkus. World. $4.95.

Kit Carson. By Noel B. Gerson. Doubleday. $4.95.

Lincoln's Gadfly, Adam Gurowski. By LeRoy H. Fischer. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $6.95.

No Longer Than a Sigh. By Anne Philipe. Atheneum. $2.95.

Religion, Philosophy

The Liberalism of Thomas Arnold: A Study of His Religious and Political Writings. Univ. of Alabama Press. $5.95.

Theologians of Our Time. Edited by Leonhard Reinisch. Univ. of Notre Dame Press. Hardbound, $3.75. Paperback, $2.25.

—Compiled by Ruth Brown.

A loving, anecdote-filled memoir of the great and near-great, who walked Bohemia's winding streets during New York's Age of Innocence

GIRL FROM FITCHBURG

By BERNARDINE KIELTY SCHERMAN. $3.95, now at your bookstore. RANDOM HOUSE

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Travel

Continued from page 19

jewelry shops, and dolls and imaginative toys, not available in France, fill the stores.

What has kept San Remo from becoming merely a crowded Italian city, a smaller Genoa perhaps or a little Napoli, is its extraordinary geographical position. At its back it has the perpetual protection of the mountains. The Maritime Alps, from Capo Nero in the west to Capo Verde in the east, shut off the northern winds, leaving it to trap the warmth of the sun beaming out of Africa. Roses and carnations grow against the hillsides, orchids in the greenhouses, all to be packed and set winging northward to less fortunate cities.

The felicitous weather has nurtured men as well as flowers since Caius Matutius, a wealthy Roman patrician with lung trouble, first settled here. The settlement he began was called Villa Matutia, and the reputation he began attracted followers throughout the early Middle Ages. After centuries of invasion and tribulation, the spa was annexed by the Republic of Genoa in 1361. Napoleon's forces occupied it in the waning years of the eighteenth century, but after his departure from Europe it came back under Genoese domination, and eventually became a part of Italy in the unification.

Although San Remo and the western half of the Italian Riviera, from Ventimiglia to Genoa, exudes a considerably more circumspect—some might call it a more inhibited—atmosphere than the French strip alongside, it has had its devotees over the years. The onion domes of the Orthodox church are a reminder of the Slavic clientele who used to come here. Alfred Nobel, like many Scandinavians, understood the winter warmth of San Remo. He lived here and died here. His home is now the Hotel Nobel. In summer 200 or more yachts are moored along the quays and the 62,000 population doubles. Group tours come in summer, but the fancier clients still wait until winter, coming down in December and January for the big flower parade in which a dozen nations participate, and for the festival of Italian songs that is held at January's end.

Because the railroad right of way and the highway come between the beach and the rest of the resort, San Remo's hotels are largely built on the early hills just behind the shoreline. The Royal Hotel, the best on the western Riviera—the nearest Italian competition might be in Rapallo and Santa Margherita—has a mere 100 rooms, but its gardens are worthy of a major resort. Terraces and steppes descend to the pool, a many-angled wonder surrounded by tables,

tourists, and square-cut umbrellas. Brick and flagstone walks weave among the olive trees, flags ripple in the lackadaisical breeze. Water sprites fly off the diving boards, which are set into palm trees, and a lively Italian trio plays lively Italian songs while the guests nibble spaghetti and chicken. No one goes to the beach because the beach from Genoa to Monte Carlo is public. Some time later in the day the elevator with its marble floor, its Murano crystal chandelier, its candle sconces, and its love seat will ascend them to their fifty-dollar-a-day rooms, meals for two included, tips and taxes not included.

WITH its weather, its fine hotels, its gambling casino, its handy golf course in the hills, its cable cars lifting visitors to the cool mountains behind town, its beautiful red clay tennis courts, its pigeon shoot, and its nest of yachts, San Remo likes to call itself in four languages —e.g., *Ein Paradiesischer Winkel am Mittelmeer*—A Corner of Paradise on the Mediterranean. Like all Mediterranean resorts, one of the best things about it is its proximity to other Riviera haunts. Rolling out of town one afternoon, swept onward by the signals from the white-helmeted, white-uniformed police, we were shortly in sun-streaked Bordighera and then at the frontier. The Italian guard asked me only for a copy of a paper I had been given when we entered Italy. I handed it to him, and he said one word, which was "Feeneesh!", and we swept into France. No tax to pay, no search to undergo. The whole procedure had taken perhaps four seconds.

Even the French side caused no delay, nor imposed any tax, an experience that left me so heady with exhilaration that somewhere out of Menton I managed the wrong turn; and after following three enormous trucks lumbering uphill, turn after dusty turn, I found myself at Roquebrune on the Grande Corniche, about as hairy a place as I ever want to be without an airplane seat underneath me. My unique, if brief, experience as a mountain goat did give me an opportunity, however, to look in at the new Vistaero, a hotel I don't quite believe, which has been hung on the edge of a rock looking off to oblivion. Floor-to-ceiling picture windows are everywhere, in the bar, in the dining rooms, in the salons, and even in the bedrooms. It all imparts the feeling, depending upon where one is at the time, of stepping out of bed and falling into Monte Carlo, or of pushing back from the dining room table and landing in the Mittelmeer, both hundreds of feet below.

I tried the Grande Corniche once more, but the narrow road and the unrepaired barriers broken in fantasy-only-knows what horrific accident, proved too much; and I turned eastward and chickenward, and found a country lane that led downward to the middling security of the Moyenne Corniche.

Several days later, when it was at last time to go home, I reported to the airport at Nice, turned in the Peugeot to the Hertz people, and presented myself at Air France. They were very sorry indeed, sir, and the government is perhaps in error, and it is extremely regrettable, but the authorities who administer France were obliged to relieve me of 80¢ for the privilege of leaving Nice for Paris, and since I was taking a connecting flight to the States, of an additional $5 for the privilege of leaving Paris for an overseas destination.

At that point I could almost have flown home, or at least risen to 35,000 feet, without benefit of Air France's Boeing, but when the attendants had tamed me with a chair and a whip, I took my leave of friendly, picturesque France. Generous palliatives—vodka and dollops of Iranian caviar—soothed me. From Paris we sailed high over Ireland and then across the North Sea, across the frosts of Frobisher Bay, coming to earth finally at Los Angeles, all in one undisturbed leap from Paris. It was early cocktail hour in the City of the Angels, and it was the same day that we had left the hotel at Antibes. It was a marvel to reflect upon, and I would have, had it not been for the lady with the badge from the U.S. Customs Service who was pulling at my bag as if she had found a hidden treasure at the bargain counter. When she was through poking under the dolls and the games, so that she could get at the soiled shirts where all us smugglers hide the snow, my bags looked like a Chinese laundry after a typhoon. "Are you going to leave it that way?" I asked her. She turned her lovely Ilsa Koch eyes at me and said, "That's the way I'm going to leave it."

Sometime later, lounging on the soft pad at the Beverly Hilton and thinking about the excursion, and about the Hôtel du Cap in Antibes, which had been my hotel the prior night, it still seemed a marvel of an odyssey and I couldn't help feel that the world would be a nifty place if it weren't for some people.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait XCVIII • Letters to the Science Editor • Science in Books

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

WHAT THE MOON RANGER COULDN'T SEE

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

THEY made a robot in the shape of a dragonfly and named it Ranger VII, thereby expressing their hope that it would range the face of the moon. For eyes, they gave it camera lenses, and taught it how to photograph by blinking the shutters. Near the place where its nose should have been, they put a radio antenna like a saucer, and taught the robot how to send pictures back through the saucer to the earth. When all this was done, they folded the dragonfly's wings, set the mechanical insect on top of a rocket, and fired the rocket into orbit around the earth. Finally they shot the robot out of the orbit, told it to unfold its wings, and pointed it onto a curving path across 243,665 miles of sky. The path ended in a dry lunar lakebed that hadn't been thought important enough to be named.

Within a few miles this way or that, Ranger VII reached the moon at just the point where its orders said it should. It crashed at a speed of a mile and a half per second, destroying itself in fulfilling its mission. But during the last 1,000 seconds of its flight it returned to earth 4,316 pictures of the moon, so incredibly clear that in them it is possible to mark the robot's landing spot.

The latitude was 10.7 degrees south. The longitude was 20.7 degrees west. The local altitude was roughly fifty feet.

To put these geographical coordinates in everyman's language: Ranger VII crashed into the top of a lunar hill.

The angle of the slope remains to be determined, but the close-up photographs plainly show a terrace on the hillside, and some distance below the terrace an appreciable valley.

The hill is elongated rather than circular; its surface looks as smoothly rounded as a sand dune or a snow bank; it cannot be seen at all through even the strongest earthly telescopes, though a mountain to the north of it and a ladle-shaped cluster of craters to the south appear in many photographs taken by earthbound astronomers long before Ranger VII was thought of.

When the geographical position of this hillock is noted on telescopic photographs of the moon's full and third quarter phases (see pages 36 and 41, respectively) Ranger VII's landing place is seen to lie directly in the path of bright great circle arcs that have mystified astronomers for hundreds of years. No other features of the moon's face have provoked such wildly divergent speculations as these curving lines of light. Whether enormous lowland craters like Mare Imbrium were formed by volcanic action or falling meteorites had been a subject of long and acrid debate, but the question about the lunar rays did not stop with the *how* of their forming; it went all the way down to the fundamental *what were they?*

Rays. That's what they were. Everyone agreed on that. And there the agreement stopped.

The rays sprang out from lunar craters in all directions, like the spokes of a wheel. Not, however, from all craters. Only from certain sharply delineated ones, some not otherwise conspicuous.

The rays would emerge faintly about twelve hours after the sun rose over the lunar horizon. They would brighten gradually for one or two days. While the sun rode high in the lunar sky, they would shine with spectacular brilliance. As the sun went down from the zenith, they would fade. Twelve hours after lunar sunset, they would disappear.

At first their brightness seemed to depend on the angle at which they were illuminated by the sun. But in time astronomers saw that this was not so. The reflective power of the rays actually changed with the angle between the line along which the sunlight struck the moon and the line along which the reflection was seen from the earth.

WHAT could the rays be? They never varied in width. Nothing seemed to stop them in their coursing across the moon's face. They went up mountains and down valleys, over crater walls and across the crater bottoms and on out over the opposite walls; they plunged down cliffs; they went in and out of pits. Yet they never cast shadows. Their tracks sometimes did seem to be more prominent on the side of obstacles facing the craters where the rays originated, but ghost tracks could always be found on the far sides of every thing the rays encountered. What could possibly explain such apparent indestructibility?

Some astronomers said the rays must be cracks in the moon's crust. Others said the rays were streaks of dried salt. Still others suggested the presence of strings of transparent glass beads. And others thought the rays must be the splashings of falling meteorites.

One point seemed undisputable. The craters from which the rays emanated must be younger than many other of the moon's geographical features. Otherwise, the rays would be blotted out by succeeding events instead of crossing over practically everything in sight.

The most spectacular set of rays converge on the crater Tycho, named for the famous sixteenth century Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe. Tycho lies in a huge nest of craters near the moon's south pole. Its own crater is fifty-six miles wide. The mountains surrounding it reach 12,000 feet above the crater's floor. A central peak rises from the floor. The peak would be the only sign to distinguish Tycho from its host of neighbors were it not for Tycho's rays. De-

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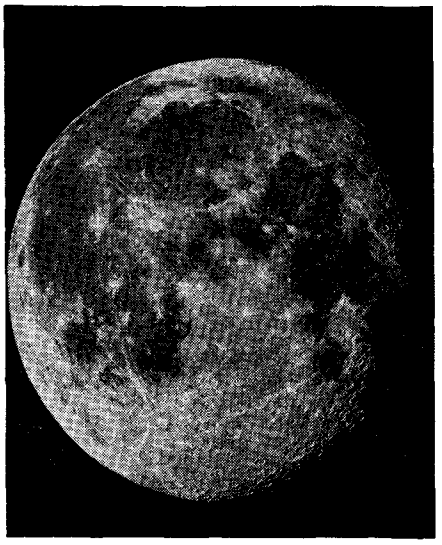

—From "The Measure of the Moon" (Baldwin).

Tycho's rays cradle The Moon.

pending on the astronomer making the estimate, Tycho's rays go out as far as 1140 or 1254 or 1440 miles from the crater rim. Nobelist Harold Urey has suggested that one of the rays, which crosses Mare Serenitatis, goes entirely around the moon. Because of its scintillating emanations, Tycho dominates the lunar landscape when the moon is full. At that time the disc takes on the appearance of a peeled orange, with Tycho at the navel.

The ray that stretches from Tycho to the lakebed where Ranger VII landed is approximately 625 miles long. Successive photographs snapped by the robot before it crashed explained the nature of the rays for the first time. They are chains of secondary and tertiary craters formed by ejection of debris during the formation of a primary crater. The fifty-foot-high hill on which Ranger VII crashed is a relic typical of the elongated dribbling that would have been expected from the fall of a curtain of rock. What probably happened can be compared to the shoveling of snow. When a shovelful is thrown onto snow accumulated roundabout, some of the shovel's burden will scoot onward from the point at which the shovel load strikes.

OF course I do not report the foregoing information on my own authority. It is derived from a daylong talk here in Tucson with Professor Gerard P. Kuiper, creator and moving force of the Lunar and Planetary Laboratory of the University of Arizona. Professor Kuiper is the chief scientific investigator of Ranger VII's findings on the moon. We sat down together at his desk on a Saturday morning, just after breakfast. We parted well after sundown. In the ten and a half intervening hours he allowed me to peer through his scientifically sophisticated eyes onto a new frontier of astronomy, the like of which has not opened up for four and a half centuries.

For a long while after the Italian Galileo in 1609 borrowed the Dutch idea (which some historians credit to Hans

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XCVIII

THE PORTABLE ASTRONOMER

Prof. Gerard P. Kuiper

"SUPPOSE there were people on planet Mars, and you were one of them. Suppose you had been watching planet earth for most of your life and thought of visiting the place. You would want to learn as much as you could about the safety of such a trip. You would study the earth through various instruments which you would invent for the purpose. You would confirm that planet earth had an atmosphere swimming around it. You would find signs of water vapor in the atmosphere. You would also discover that temperatures on the earth often fell low enough to cause the water vapor to freeze. Knowing that water was liquid, you would think of raindrops. Thinking of frozen drops, you might visualize hailstones. But would you predict a snowflake?"

After Professor Gerard P. Kuiper asks this question, he doesn't just sit and watch you looking goggle-eyed. He starts to answer the question.

"You probably would know about crystals, and you would suspect some interesting patterns in water crystals because of the offbeat way the two hydrogens and the one oxygen hook together. But would you predict a snowflake? If you had never seen a snowflake, would you dare to imagine such exquisite mathematical symmetries as snowflakes?"

The Professor doesn't offer to finish the answer, and in the unfinished nature of it lies his point. Science must always expect the unexpected. At the same time, it must try to reduce the unexpected to manageable proportions.

The Lunar and Planetary Laboratory which Professor Kuiper runs in a red brick building on the campus of the University of Arizona in Tucson is an effective example of this type of management. Into it he has gathered astronomers, physicists, chemists, geologists, communication engineers, and map-makers. Among the apparatus is a fat tube half as long as the building. In it gases are mixed in various proportions to simulate atmospheres. The mixtures are analyzed spectroscopically, and the resulting light patterns are matched against the patterns displayed by the atmospheres of the planets of the sun. Atmospheric pressures can be deduced by this process, and Professor Kuiper's lab team has in fact deduced the pressure of the atmosphere of Mars.

When the laboratory first announced this Martian finding, the pressure reported was so low that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration refused to accept it as an influence in planning exploration of Mars. However, the Kuiper reputation (he had served with distinction at Harvard and Yerkes

—Denis Milon, LPL.

for many years before coming to Arizona) encouraged other astronomers to zero in on Mars to check his observations. One by one they announced concurrence with his radically new appraisal. NASA could no longer afford to ignore the evidence, for the first NASA probes to Mars were supposed to drop instruments by parachute, and an atmosphere as flimsy as the one Professor Kuiper predicted would not hold a parachute open. The Mars probe being worked on now is of a different, hardier design.

Perhaps his birth in Holland, a country that has struggled for centuries to hold back the sea, has something to do with Professor Kuiper's ease in contemplating the grand environment of the universe. A strong genetic dose of farsightedness must be built into him. Pure luck seldom accounts for sweeping changes in direction such as the one he undertook with the opening of the 1960 decade. Generally, successful practition-

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Lippershey and others to Zacharias Janssen) of magnifying lenses to see across great distances, astronomers could make no more revealing searches through the telescope than could be accomplished with the unaided eye. As time passed, telescopes grew steadily bigger, and cameras were attached to their eyepieces for keener seeing. Yet men still could not penetrate the ultimate mystery of the lights and shadows on the moon's face. Now Ranger VII has proved that it is possible for robots to carry cameras directly to the lunar surface and there to discover thousands of geographical details in regions which look absolutely flat and bare in pictures taken through telescope lenses up to 200 inches across.

THE availability of such details is not, in and of itself, advantageous to scientific understanding. Details can confuse as well as clarify. The first task of science, therefore, is to determine criteria capable of establishing order in the midst of complexity. And Professor Kuiper has admirably performed this function in his analysis of the flood of data returned to earthly TV screens by Ranger VII. Tentatively, subject to the usual revision or contradiction by critical colleagues, he has found what appears to be a governing pattern in Ranger VII's close-up pictures of the moon. To his exquisitely trained eye there seems to be a direct proportion (at one point in our conversation he went so far as to call it a one-to-one correlation) between the degree of brightness of the lighted portions of lunar images in earthbound telescopes and the number of secondary craters like those forming the moon-circling ray which Ranger VII landed at the end of.

Saturday Review readers can check Professor Kuiper's principle of proportionality for themselves by examining the series of pictures reproduced on pages 41 to 43 of this issue of the magazine. They should not, however, jump to the conclusion that this discovery removes the long train of problems that lie between the crash-landing of a robot on the moon and the landing alive on the lunar surface of a man who is thereafter able to return alive to earth.

Ranger VII has placed an unexpected tool in the hands of astronomers. The tool seems applicable to the lunar garden plot that Ranger VII caught sight of at close range (for comparative dimensions, see photos on pages 35 and 41). But even in that small arena the real utility of the tool must be tested. There are, for example, extremely dark spots in the two overlapping lakebeds surrounding Ranger VII's landing site. Are these spots composed of lava, as many astronomers—Professor Kuiper included—suppose? Another Ranger could answer the question. Suppose the answer were positive; could we be certain that the correlation is not merely some trick of sunlight? Can the details in the Ranger VII photographs be extrapolated accurately across the entire face of the moon? Again the answer can be given by other Rangers. So much more information needs to be gathered that it seems reasonable to suggest dispatch of at least half a dozen more Rangers to the moon rather than depending on the necessarily localized findings of the two more now scheduled by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Before the Ranger VII flight, the dangers of landing a man on the moon were purely speculative. Ranger VII proved that at least one danger is real. That danger is the risk of toppling the landing craft in a string of small and irregularly spaced craters. How many other equally unsuspected dangers may lurk in the countless unknowns of the lunar surface? Is it comforting to learn that Ranger VII crashed on a hill invisible

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ers of modern astronomy worked with telescope lenses 100 or 200 inches across. They hunted the farthest stars. Professor Kuiper turned his attention close to home, concentrating on the solar system.

The course he has followed may fairly be described as portable or bargain basement astronomy. The moon Rangers have revolutionized observation of the heavens; telescopes orbiting above earth's atmosphere will extend the revolution indefinitely, for they will operate around the clock instead of merely at night. If earth-based astronomy is to have a role in this mobile context, telescopes will have to be smaller and must be assigned more specialized objectives in order to cut costs. Professor Kuiper already is testing his belief that the volcano cones of the Hawaiian archipelago afford the clearest seeing on earth. And an electronic genius in his laboratory—Harold Johnson—has built one telescope on a peak in the Catalina mountains for little more than half a million dollars, and automated another to the point where high school students can drive it like a truck.

For the moment, at least, Professor Kuiper is quite content to let the Rangers explore the moon. He has no ambition to make the trip himself. His candidate for that job is one of his colleagues on the Ranger science advisory team, geologist Eugene Shoemaker (the other team members are Nobelist Harold Urey, Ewen Whitaker of the Kuiper lab, and Raymond L. Heacock of JPL). The Professor is much too happy growing evergreens around the patio behind the house he and his handsome wife, Sarah, their son Paul and daughter Lucy fill with banter, love, and laughter.

—WILL JONATHAN.

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from earth? Is it reasonable to consider sending out a second generation of lunar exploring robots—the Surveyors, designed to descend slowly to the moon and there to sample the rocks of the countryside— when superficial scanning of the Surveyor blueprints reveals fuel tanks so placed as to explode on impact with uneven ground like the ground one often finds on hilltops? Would it not be saner to postpone Surveyor expeditions until the Rangers have made a thorough reconnaissance of all the contrasting major features of lunar terrain: the great, apparently flat lowland basins that occupy two-fifths of the moon's visible hemisphere (it is always the same hemisphere); the chains of circular mountains; the craters of all sizes, those with rays and those without?

THERE has been too much instant science in the American program for exploring the moon. To those unfamiliar with this new phenomenon, it can be explained that instant science is an intoxicating brew that drives respectable researchers to a fate worse than death. Instant science is concocted in the following manner. A competent and if possible eminent scientist is captured by granting him tax moneys to finance his favorite type of experiments. The scientist is then squeezed of his life juices periodically. He is called upon to report findings he is not yet certain of. Where necessary, hired writers state the uncertainties for him in such terms as to persuade unwitting Congressmen that the uncertainties are certain. If the captive scientist resists the squeezing, he is reminded sharply of his obligation to his country and to the well-being of his fellow scientists. If, on the other hand, he helps to stir the instant science, his reports become the basis for more generous appropriations by the Congress, the research he loves is supported more richly than ever, and he may even be invited to the White House to shake the hand of the President and answer politically loaded questions on which the future of the entire planet is professed to hang.

No amount of instant science could extinguish the genuinely brilliant achievement of Ranger VII. But enough of the heady stuff was brewed at strategic moments to pressure Congress into approving another extravagant budget for putting a man on the moon by 1970. Though Professor Kuiper won't discuss it, it is a matter of record that the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of California Institute of Technology, holder of the primary NASA contract for the nine scheduled Ranger missions, propelled the Professor onto a national TV network by inviting him to California for a press conference. The press was in the audience alright; so were millions of lay taxpayers; and when the Professor said he couldn't interpret Ranger VII's pictures to mean a deep layer of dust on the moon's surface, spokesmen for JPL and NASA turned this negative statement into a positive declaration that man could safely go to the moon as soon as a suitable vehicle was ready to carry him. When the Science and Astronautics Committee of the U.S. House of Representatives asked him to explain his observations under quieter circumstances in Washington later, the Professor scrupulously qualified his tentative interpretations to emphasize the doubts.

Professor Kuiper's remark about the dust did in one sense cheer moon travel enthusiasts. For lunar observations of various sorts—optical, radio, radar, thermal, photometric, spectrographic—had been widely read to signify the presence of a dust layer at least a few inches and perhaps a few miles deep. The last of Ranger VII's photos was taken only 1,000 feet off the moon; it showed primary craters as little as three feet in diameter and one foot deep. The outlines of those tiny craterlets registered as sharply as did the walls of the biggest craters. Such a correlation was not theoretically compatible with a deep dust layer, which presumably would swallow small crater-forming projectiles with little or no trace.

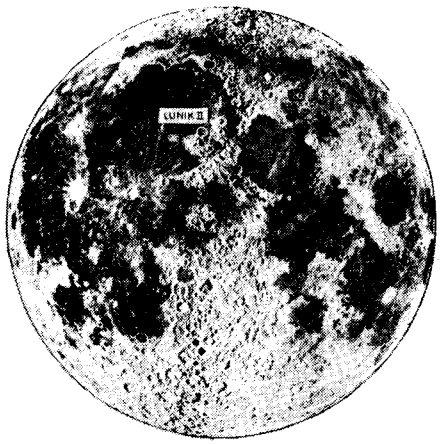
Now the supposed origin of the supposedly deep dust was the constant hail of meteorites to which the moon is almost certainly subject. The earth is pelted with a comparable showering, but these sometimes sizeable objects are reduced to powder by the friction of their passage through earth's atmosphere. The moon, being one quarter the size of the earth, is too small to possess sufficient gravitational attraction to hold any mass of gas around itself. Hence meteorites striking the moon would tend to strike as discrete objects and simultaneously pulverize the lunar surface and themselves.

SINCE the Ranger VII pictures appeared to deny the presence of a deep lunar dust layer, Professor Kuiper had to postulate an alternate fate for meteorites hitting the moon. What he came up with was a model of a sand-blasting operation. He now supposes that the meteorites, instead of shattering themselves and piling up dust on the moon's surface, must strike with such force in the lunar vacuum that either one of two events occurs:

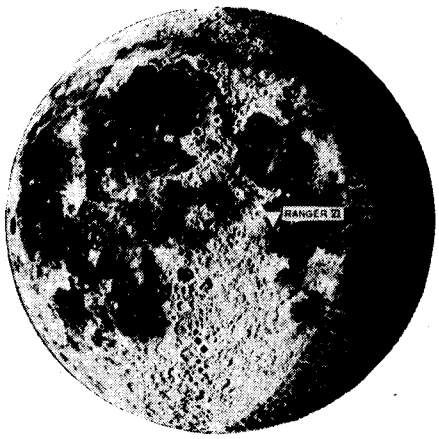
FIRST, the particles glance back into space, chipping off bits of the moon and driving those ahead, or

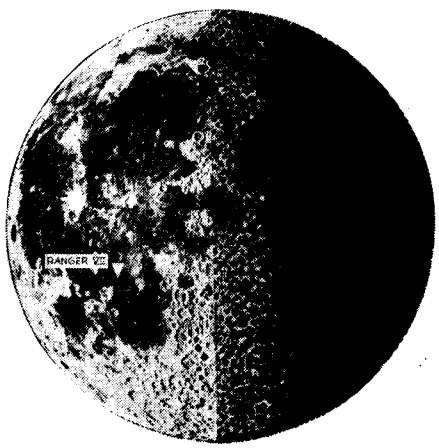
SECOND, the particles pierce the lunar surface and convert it into a kind of rocky sponge to uncertain depth.

Professor Kuiper did not arrive at the sand-blasting model through study of the Ranger VII photos alone. He matched the Ranger close-ups with telescopic pic-



THE RUSSIAN LUNIK II was first to reach the moon. It made a direct flight in thirty-seven hours, landing on September 14, 1959. Its impact point is marked on the globe above. In the next month, Lunik III performed a spectacular maneuver that has not been duplicated since. Lunik III approached the moon while the earth-facing hemisphere was dark, and photographed the sunlit hemisphere on October 7, 1959, at a distance of 40,000 miles beyond the moon. Storing the pictures automatically, Lunik III then orbited out to an apogee 292,000 miles from earth, swung back to perigee at 29,000 miles and there transmitted its pictures to earth on October 18, 1959. Crash points of Ranger VI and VII are shown below.





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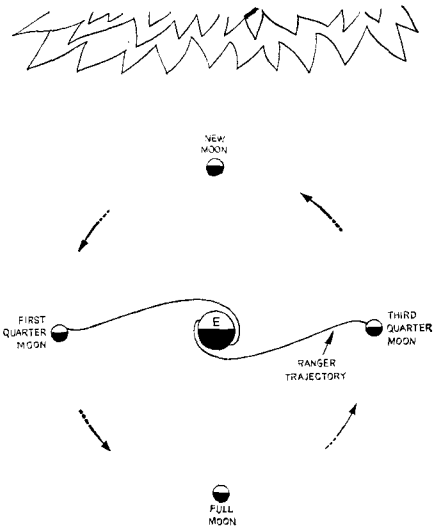
The Log of Ranger VII

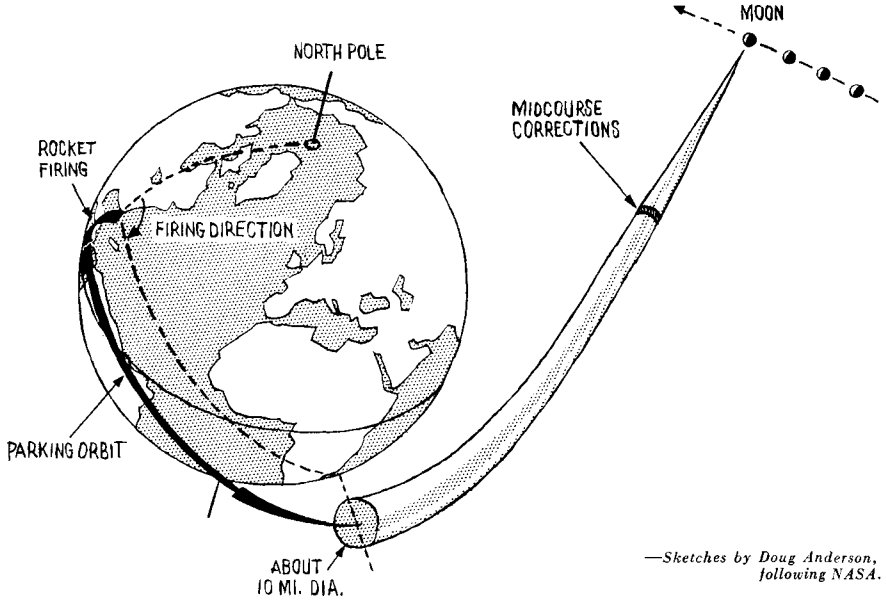
THE assignment was to photograph the earth-facing hemisphere of the moon close up and send the pictures back to earth on a TV screen. Since the pictures were to be gathered out of the sky by a big dish in the desert at Goldstone, California, and since TV signals can travel only over direct lines of sight, the mission required the moon to be somewhere above the Goldstone horizon at the time the pictures were snapped. The higher above the horizon the moon was, the less risk there would be of pictures blurred by electromagnetic noises originating on earth. When the moon was directly overhead, the risk would be lowest of all. It could not be a new moon, or a first quarter moon, or a full moon (see top sketch, this page); only a third quarter moon would do. Only then would the sun throw shadows at angles conducive to revealing photography while the moon was moving into Ranger VII's line of flight. All these conditions would be met at approximately half past five, Pacific Standard Time, on any morning of the week beginning with July 30, 1964.



At that time, the moon would be 238,000 miles over the Goldstone dish. But straight-line travel would tax available fuel capacity. A more economical scheme (see middle sketch, this page) would be to go into orbit 115 miles out from earth and then use the orbit as a rare-air springboard (magnifying the reaction to any given thrust) for the big jump onward. The elapsed time on such a trajectory would be sixty-eight and a half hours, allowing an hour for asking directions on the way. By counting backwards from the approximate Goldstone deadline of 5:30 A.M., the rocketeers computed the earliest launch from Cape Kennedy (nee Canaveral) in Florida for about noon, Eastern Standard Time, July 27.

Technicalities interfered on July 27. But on July 28, nine minutes and fifty-two seconds before noon, EST, Ranger VII took off.

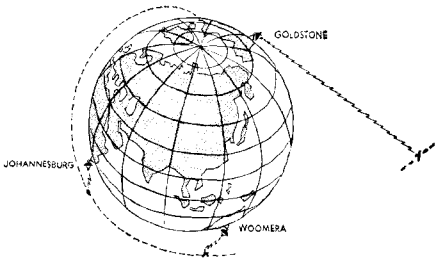
The Atlas carrier rocket lifted the Agena B rocket on its nose over the West Indies. As the Atlas dropped behind, the Agena B fired and coasted over the Atlantic. Off Africa's western coast, the Agena B fired again and fell away after driving Ranger VII into a ten-mile-wide tunnel of sky which should pass through the space the moon would enter in the early hours of July 31 when the Goldstone dish was directly below.



—*Sketches by Doug Anderson, following NASA.*

The guidance motors aboard Ranger VII carried only a small amount of fuel to correct any skewing that might occur in the tunnel entry. If a large correction had to be made, it should be soon. While the remaining pathway was still several hundreds of thousands of miles long, any given change in the angle of direction would have a proportionally greater leverage. The first good chance for correction came five hours after launch, when enough readings of Ranger VII's position were in hand to give a sure result. Ranger VII's trajectory then was so close to the ideal that the correction was delayed for eleven more hours. Then a relatively small landing place could be chosen. The choice fell at 11 degrees south latitude, 21 degrees west longitude. Ranger VII landed at 10.7 degrees south, 20.7 degrees west. At Goldstone the time was 5:25:49 A.M., PST, July 31.

This stunning achievement should not be mistaken for a purely American exploit. There must be a great triangle of earthly observation points for any continuous watch on interplanetary space (see bottom sketch, this page). Ranger VII's triumph belongs to Africa and Australia as well as to the United States.



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tures taken in infrared and ultraviolet light. If the color of the moon were uniform, the red and blue images would cancel out into a neutral grey. However, the cancellation did not occur. Instead, the rocks of the moon displayed different colorations. The differences clearly lined up with structural formations normal to crater walls. These differences would not be observed if the rocks were coated thickly with dust.

The sand-blasting concept is not entirely new. It had been suggested earlier by Soviet scientists (who also had proposed chains of craterlets to explain the lunar rays). The blasting model furthermore fits observations reported sometime ago by Professor Thomas Gold of Cornell University. In telescopic pictures of the moon, Dr. Gold had read evidence of considerable erosion. As much as two and a half miles had been worn off the tops of mountains, he estimated. Accepting a common belief among astronomers that the oldest features of the moon were formed between 4,000,000,000 and 5,000,000,000 years ago, the British-born cosmologist had guessed that the erosion process proceeded exceedingly slowly.

The net sum of the evidence here recited is that the Congress and the people have been misled about the true significance of the Ranger VII mission. The pictures sent back home by the ingeniously constructed robot dragonfly contain no more assurance of the safety of a manned landing on the moon than existed before Ranger VII took off. On the contrary, one sure danger has been discovered that had not been suspected before. The apparent disappearance of the supposed danger of impenetrable dust is accompanied by the equal danger of a landing surface that may be as fragile as a tea biscuit. Ranger VII couldn't possibly have seen what matters most of all when human expeditions to the moon are being weighed: the bearing strength of the lunar face. Given man's present limited knowledge of soil physics, no photograph could tell whether the moon's surface will hold a spaceboat or even a lone man.

PERHAPS we should stop acting as though it were a foregone conclusion that a man could land on the moon. Perhaps we should stop pretending that we know how to keep him alive there if he could land. Perhaps a sense of humility in the face of frightening natural grandeur would not only fit the real circumstances but would actually add a dimension to our capability in dealing with forces immeasurably more powerful than ourselves. If NASA and JPL had been less arrogant in the past, they might not have suffered the indignity of public censure for carelessness in the Ranger program from the House Committee on Science and Astronautics. If, instead of taking the posture that "we have acted and we cannot be wrong," they had heard out friendly criticism and offered reasonable reply to questioners, it would by now be commonly understood that many of the misfortunes encountered by Ranger VII's predecessors were inevitable attributes of calculated risks.

Although Rangers I, II, and III all failed to achieve their advertised objectives, they did the pioneering essential to confirm the workability of the parking orbit concept. They proved that a rocket engine could be turned off to enter orbit at a set point and turned on again to leave orbit at another set point. Rangers IV and V also failed to perform as advertised. Yet they proved that the moon could be reached conveniently from a parking orbit by vehicles presently available with presently available chemical fuels. Ranger VI burned out its TV broadcasting apparatus before it got to the moon; nevertheless, it got there; furthermore, it came within a few miles of the spot at which it had been pointed, 238,000 miles distant from the pointers. Ranger VII, profiting from all the errors that had gone before, snapped photographs which Professor Kuiper has described as 2,000 times sharper than the best pictures ever taken through a telescope on earth.

Even in the incandescent glow of the triumph of Ranger VII, however, JPL was still unable to overcome its weakness for Olympian claims. The moon map it displayed before a nationwide TV audience (see page 42, bottom, left) made it appear that Ranger VII's picture-taking range encompassed about a third of the sunlit moon visible to earth. The camera eyes did sweep out that area, true. But the first two-thirds of the pictures taken were not as informative as ground-based telescope photos. By the time Ranger VII's cameras were close enough to the moon to bring out detail comparable to the detail visible through telescope lenses, the area covered by the pictures was only a fraction as big as JPL's boasts (see page 41). And the "2,000 times better" photos referred to by Professor Kuiper showed much smaller patches of the moon.

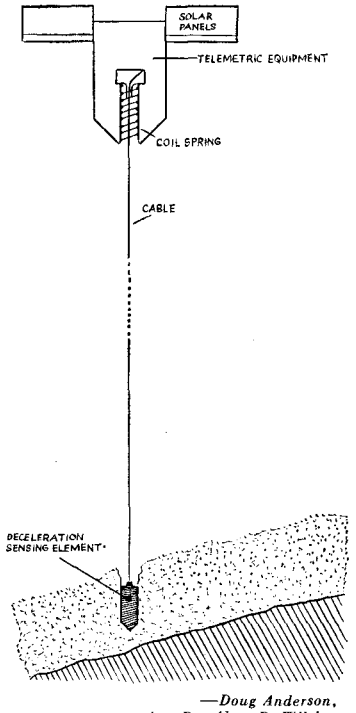
When a magnificent tool is at hand, intelligence commands its productive use. The Ranger vehicle now ranks in that category. Professor Kuiper's responsibility as chief scientific investigator for NASA extends only through Rangers VIII and IX. But during our long conversation here he repeatedly expressed the opinion that the hundreds of men who contributed to JPL's ultimate success in the Ranger project had built up a combination of skills too valuable to be dismantled. "The JPL team must be held together," he said. "Its disintegration would be a calamity."

If international prestige can help hold the team together, Professor Kuiper is functioning as an effective adhesive. He made up an album of the 200 pictures snapped by Ranger VII's "A" camera (the one with the largest field) and entered it in the scientific literature at the regular meeting of the International Astronautical Union in Hamburg, Germany, on August 31. In this manner the pictures were opened to analysis and interpretation by astronomers, cosmologists, and geophysicists everywhere. The authenticity of the document can be attested by any layman familiar with television broadcasts. In the first two of Ranger VII's picture frames, stutter lines appear just as they do when the TV set at home is warming up.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

Gunning the Moon

DR. ALVAR P. WILSKA, Finnish-born physician-physicist in the Lunar and Planetary Laboratory of the University of Arizona, offers the following proposal for determining the bearing strength of the moon's surface. A Ranger vehicle would carry within it a hollow cylinder like a gun barrel. Inside the barrel a spring would be coiled behind a steel plummet. Within the plummet would be a rugged accelerometer calibrated to register changes in speed. Seconds before the Ranger was due to crash on the moon, the spring would be released, firing the plummet with a trailing umbilical cable through which the accelerometer readings would be flashed in simple dot-dash code to a radio transmitter in the Ranger.



—Doug Anderson, after Dr. Alvar P. Wilska.

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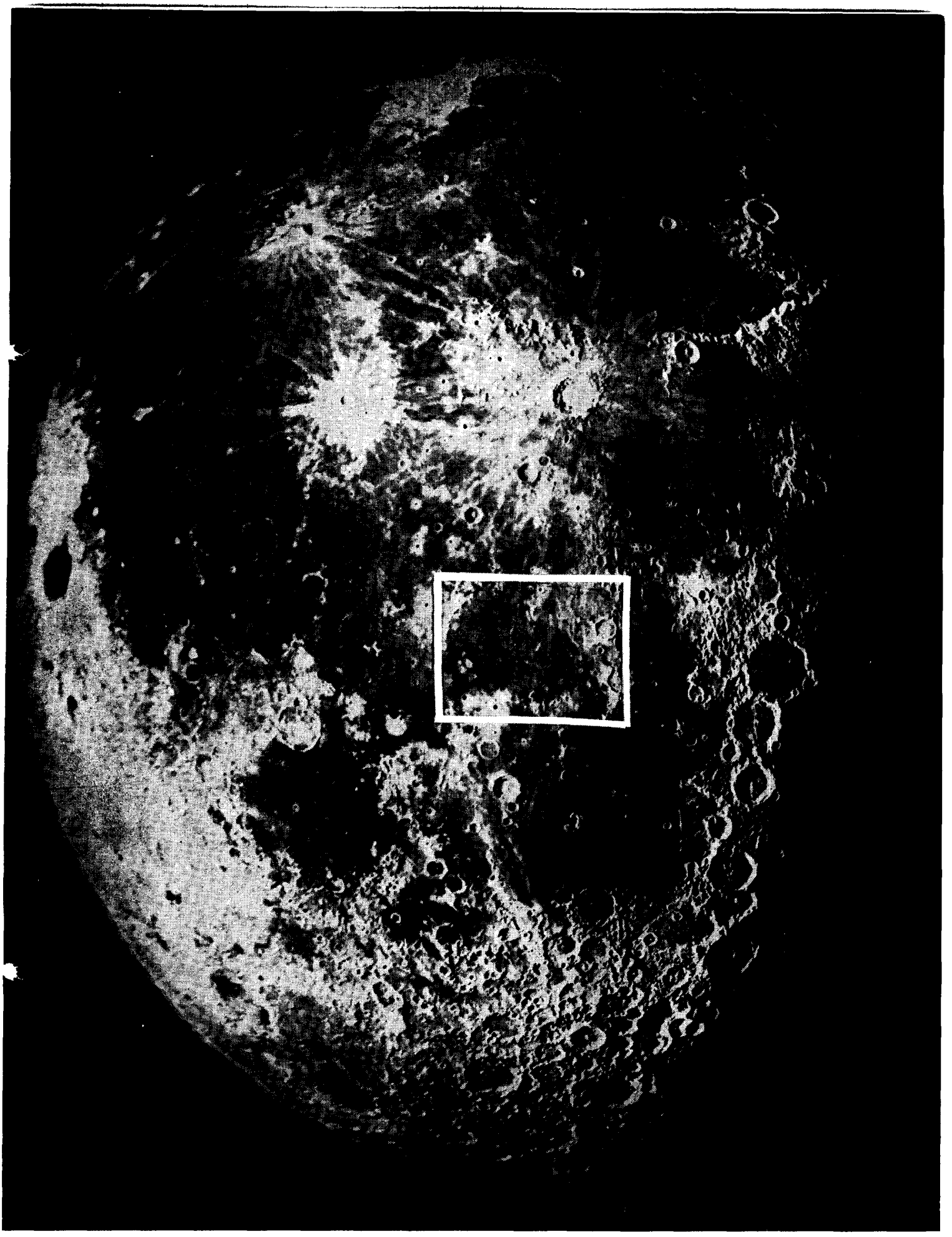

Moon at third quarter. Photo courtesy Lunar and Planetary Laboratory, University of Arizona.

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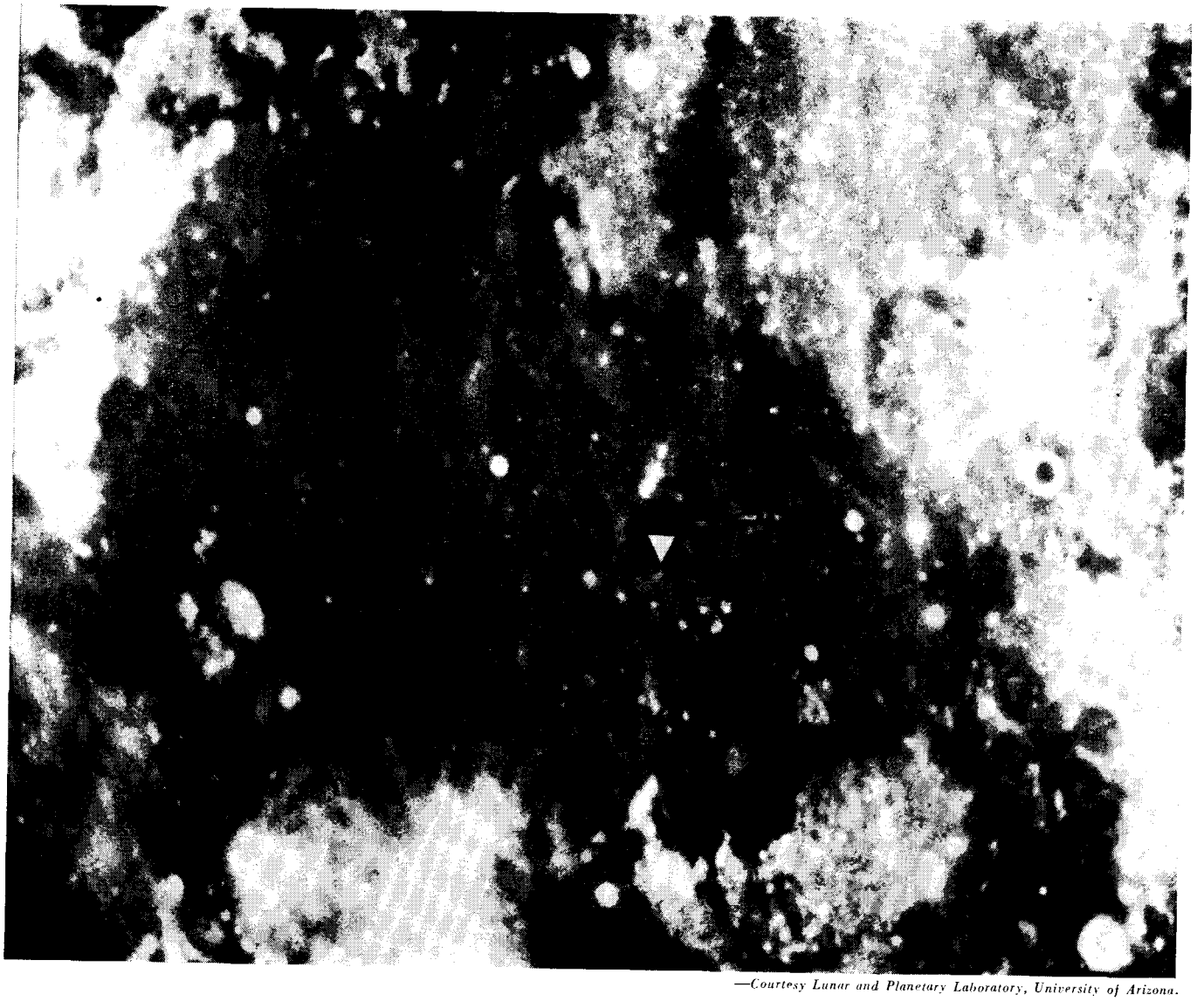

—Courtesy Lunar and Planetary Laboratory, University of Arizona.

—JPL—NASA.

THE ASSIGNMENT WAS TO PHOTOGRAPH THE MOON SO CLOSE UP that if a dwarf should be lying there sunning himself his presence would be clearly outlined. To obtain such clarity, the picture scanning frame was filled with 800 resolution lines, half again as many as are on a standard TV screen. Two independently powered batteries of cameras were used: one with two lenses, the other with four. The two-camera battery took big pictures; the four-camera battery took only the central 200 of the 800 lines. Since the smaller pictures could be snapped faster, the cameras taking them could continue snapping up to 1,000 feet off the moon.

The first big pictures covered the area marked on the moon map at the left. These were less clear than pictures taken through telescopes on earth, and Ranger VII's snapshots did not equal telescopic clarity until the area covered shrank to the size of the white-bordered rectangle on page 41. The telescopic photo immediately above these words corresponds to that white-bordered rectangle and to the Ranger VII picture at top left on page 43. Captions on page 43 log Ranger VII's plummeting. The crash landing site is marked by the point of a small solid white triangle in each photo.

Watch the fuzzy white spotted ladle under the white triangle in the picture on this page sharpen and grow in the page 43 photos until it is too large to be seen. After the last vestige of the ladle disappears, all details in subsequent photos are invisible to earth.

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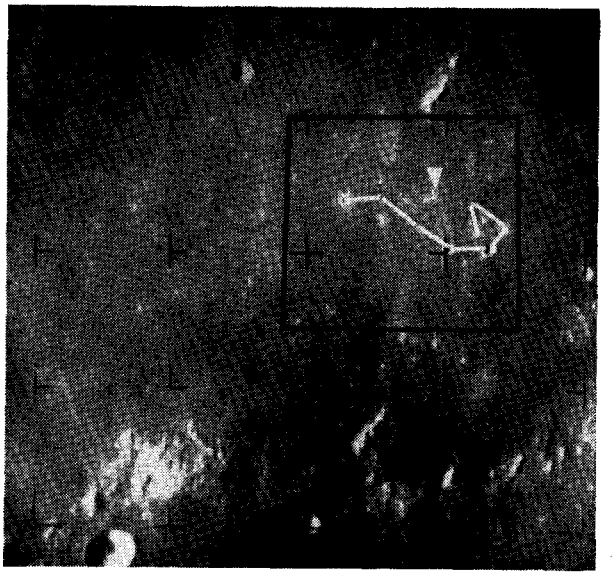
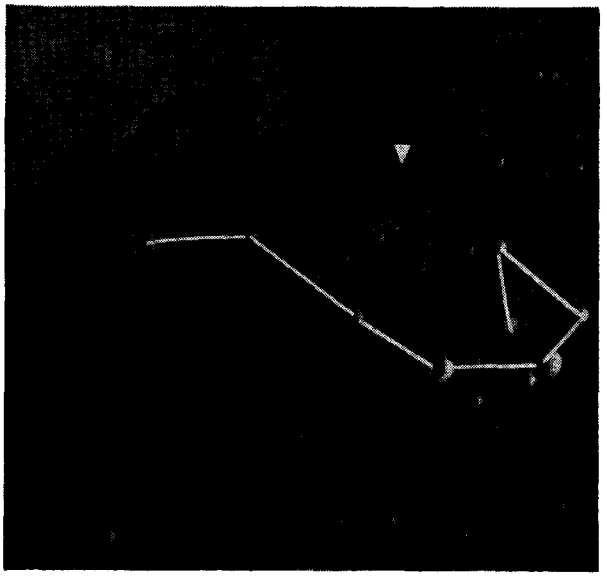
—JPL—NASA.

Snapshot 480 miles above the moon.



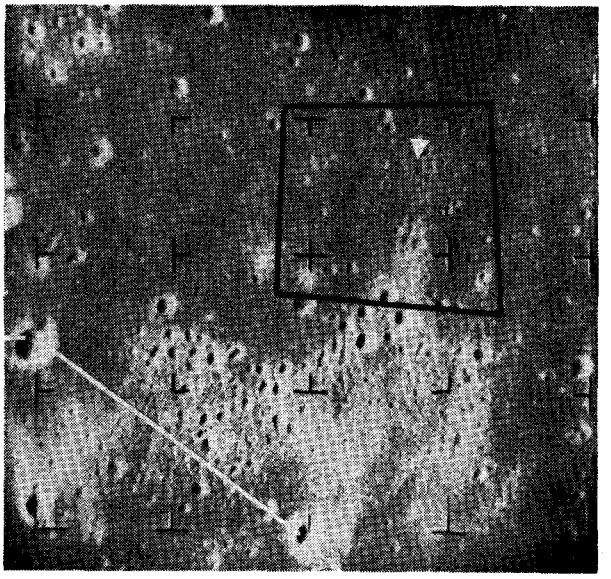
—JPL—NASA.

235 miles up; 113 miles wide.



—JPL—NASA.

85 miles up; 41 miles wide.

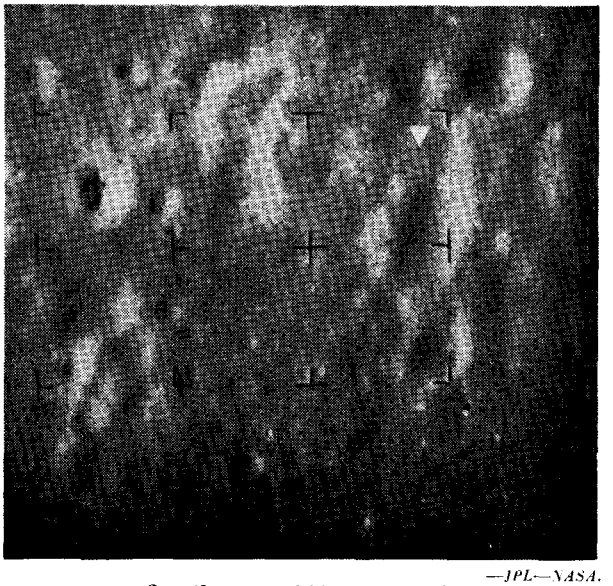


—JPL—NASA.

34 miles up; 16 miles wide.

—JPL—NASA.

12 miles up; 4 miles wide.



—JPL—NASA.

3 miles up; 1⅓ miles wide.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Fraudulent Writing

BESIDES BEING SENSATIONAL (probably a gesture to the BBC audience), Professor Medawar's remarks on scientific writing are misleading. Certainly, it is no business of scientific papers to lay bare the "processes of thought that gave rise to the work. . . ." These processes may be of interest to historians of science or to those who rigorously investigate the phenomena of problem solving and creativity, but they are not a part of the substance of all scientific disciplines. Scientists are indeed visited by hypotheses, which may be "imaginative and inspirational in character," but a public display of them in papers reporting experiments—while it may be cathartic for the author—is sheer tedium for the reader. However entertaining it might be to hear an eminent scientist talk about the hunches, leads, breaks, and other circumstances that he thinks led to his discoveries, it is doubtful that such reminiscences contribute anything to the advancement of science.

There are only three functions of a scientific paper "of an experimental or exploratory character." It must say to what areas of research the data being reported are relevant, what are the data, and what theoretical sense does the author make out of them. These functions are admirably served by the present form, consisting of Introduction, Method-Results, and Discussion. In suggesting that the Results section should also contain interpretation, Professor Medawar seems to have missed the point that other investigators may, and usually do, want to relate the published results—no matter whose—to their own varied hypotheses. For this they must be able to look at the data in their simplest form — without theoretical adornment. By introducing a chronology of his conjectures into the report of results, an investigator may avoid committing historical fraud, but in the process he will defeat the central purpose of publishing experimental papers.

Many scientific journals in Britain and Europe, well-known for their neat prose and charm, are still struggling to escape from the tradition of giving an historical rather than a substantive account of scientific work. I hope Professor Medawar's BBC lecture does not set them back.

DALBIR BINDRA.

Montreal, Que.

RE: "Is the Scientific Paper Fraudulent?" [*SR*, Aug. 1]:

There is one outstanding fraudulent aspect of the traditional scientific report. It is the omission of most all efforts of the researcher except those which contribute directly to the conclusion, be it negative or positive . . . *i.e.*, the omission of most of the truly scientific experiences engaged, including trial and error, deductions, and, despite Dr. Medawar, the formulation of inductive generalizations, whether logical or not. This fraud is the only one the scientific community in general acknowledges and I see nothing in what Dr. Medawar has written to change this attitude. If anything, his article, by misrepresenting the processes of science, may arouse more resentment against a change of form among those who believe that the present form strictly represents the significant descriptive outcomes of any possible mental methods engaged . . . deductive or otherwise.

Medawar accurately identifies the usual post-hypothesis procedures as deductive. There is hardly anyone willing to dispute this *general* truth. However, he then casually disposes of any inductive portion of science by ridiculing emergence as contrary to logic. Russell and Popper are both cited as opposing an inductive realm within science, when in fact both are merely representing the real descriptive limitations of induction as it may be involved in explaining science. It is false to say that Popper "has no use for induction at all." Popper places restraints on the use of induction in describing a logical scientific method, and quite properly questions the construction of any so-called inductive logic. Science is NOT entirely a unified path of logic. The philosophical problems of induction in science are such as to lead inevitably to its reduction in importance in the construction of a "method" (or its subjected elimination as with Popper). Contrary to the problems of induction, however, is the equally great problem of the positivistic self-limiting character of any strictly deductive process, wherein it becomes virtually impossible to account for the origin of any newly created knowledge of larger order than the contained ideas. It is one action, both honest and responsible, to recognize the semantic and real limits of induction. It is quite another action, both false and discrediting, to reduce science to a self-disposing game of deduction and imagination, as Medawar has done.

What is descriptively inductive in science occurs when idea paths, *almost* in defiance of logic and conservation, result in highly unified ideas (such as a hypotheses) or empirically emergent generalizations (either accidently at once as in a "Eureka," or with deliberation as in the partly deductive, partly inductive manifestation of the complete answer at the point of half completion of a Double-Crostic.) The illogical notion that the emergent whole is greater than the sum of its parts (adequately defended by A. N. Whitehead) is at minimum descriptive and at the extreme explicative of how completely new knowledge of high mental orders originates (such as universal gravitation or relativity). If Dr. Medawar, or anyone else for that matter, can satisfactorily account for such newly created knowledge, grounds would be found for eliminating the admittedly confusing and difficult concept of induction in science. However, I, like many others, am of the opinion that while induction is both descriptively and prescriptively difficult to comprehend, it exists none the less as a real and thorough process within the frame

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of the total scientific processes. (I. Bernard Cohen, in his many writings, makes extensive examinations of this thesis. In *Franklin and Newton*, American Philosophical Society, 1956, a very worthy distinction is raised in elucidation of the form of theoretical induction.) Medawar approximates a truth in assigning to psychology the problem of distinguishing the character of the imaginative and logical elements of the scientific process. However, there is no reason at present to assume that such assignation will either solve the problem (which may be of the order of an anthropocentric predicament) or eliminate it from the realm of explaining science. In point of fact his criticism is a dubious contribution at best in that it clarifies nothing and sets up a straw man which may further cloud the problem.

What contribution to science Medawar might have made in supporting a change in the form of scientific reporting is completely destroyed by the speciously sardonic account of traditional reporting form, and his failure to reasonably support positively the form he proposes. Having distinguished as well as he does between the hypothetico-deductive (logical) portions of a "scientific method" (attention is called to the continuing argument as to whether "a method" really exists) and the "imaginative or inspirational act" (or acts) (non-logical) which are generally considered to constitute the inductive portions of science, he fails entirely to analyze scientific reporting in its present forms concretely on the terms he has used. Rather, he makes an incomplete proposition that the reporting form should parallel the hypothetico-deductive process of logic, with the loosely identified "adventures of the mind" discussion changed to precede rather than follow the factual account of the enquiry.

I personally would endorse a change in the form of scientific reporting similar to that proposed by Dr. Medawar, but obviously not for the same reasons. The failure of present science reports to recount the complete course of their enquiry, including both successes and the marginal errors and blind alleys encountered both in process of mind and in fact, retards the progress of science by causing: needless repetition of errors by other researchers, false representation of the nature of its enquiry to the public community which must understand its efforts if large scale support is expected to continue, immodest confidence in the objectivity of the scientist's own efforts in defiance of their own much needed principle of open-mindedness, confusion among those trying to explain the processes of science (such as Dr. Medawar), over-confidence in the public at large as to the ability of science to solve its problems, and all of science to be open to question as to its veracity and motives. I have noted with increasing concern that the desire for editorial economy (for reasons related to the information explosion as well as those financial and categorically human) may in fact encourage incomplete (misleading or even dishonest) reporting of an enquiry, which in cases like those of fluoridation, radiation, insect sprays, medications, and the effects of commercial soaps, etc. (all topics in the public headlines because of reasonable doubts created by

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE REAL VOICE

BOOKS are rarely reviewed in *SR*/Research. An exception is made here in deference to the readers who have asked *SR*'s science editor to comment on *The Real Voice*.

The Real Voice was written by Richard Harris, a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, and has been published by MacMillan. It purports to be a true and complete account of the efforts of the late U. S. Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee to reform the basic law governing marketing of drugs in the United States.

This book ought to be read for what it tells of the tactics American drugmakers and certain drug advertising agencies use to throw dust in the eyes of Congress, to pervert the medical profession, and to mislead buyers of drugs. But readers should not suppose that *The Real Voice* gives more than a fragmented and sometimes distorted picture of the real happenings.

Advance blurbs for the book compare it favorably to the late Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*. An early review of the book by New York *Herald Tribune* science writer Stuart H. Loory equates author Harris with the great Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffins. Such statements have no basis in fact. Carson, Tarbell and Steffins were investigators of unsavory situations. They contributed creatively; they were moving spirits in reform. Harris contributed nothing to the Kefauver work. He appeared on the scene after the digging had been done by others. His book merely describes parts of the investigation *post facto*.

Nowhere in *The Real Voice* does Harris himself pretend to have done any original research at hard-rock depth. He candidly confesses his dependence on the late Senator Kefauver, several remarkably astute and courageous women among the Kefauver Senate committee investigators, male members of the Kefauver investigating staff, and the editorial columns of *Saturday Review* for his primary information. Had he been more intimately knowledgeable, honesty would have compelled him to report repeated fumbling by the Kefauver staff, inept questioning of witnesses on the stand, and failure to use key evidence.

In one respect, *The Real Voice* deserves marked praise. Its author emphasizes the initiative of women in the drug inquiry. Had those he names been in charge, instead of relegated to lower echelons, the new law would certainly be a tougher law and some masters of the deceptive phrase who ought to be in jail would probably be there.

One unfortunate inference can and probably will be drawn from *The Real Voice*. The inference is that Senator Kefauver won a great victory for the people and that the people can now sit back and enjoy the fruits of his labor. The fact is that Senator Kefauver knew his new law was incomplete. There were several gaping holes in it, the worst being almost total lack of protection of patients against unwitting use of their bodies and minds in medical experiments. A number of months ago an Ohio surgeon made a special trip to New York to tell me how some of his cancer patients had been used in experiments in a hospital without even his knowledge, let alone theirs. Not long after that an outraged member of the board of directors of a Brooklyn, New York, hospital exposed the fact that live cancer cells were injected into twenty-two old and helpless patients in his hospital without the informed consent of the patients and over the protests of three physicians who were asked to participate in the experiment. Even in those aspects of medicine that the Kefauver law did manage to cover, the drugmakers are working busily behind the scenes in the U. S. Food and Drug Administration to blunt the teeth of implementing regulations.

It is encouraging to be able to record the interest now expressed in drug marketing problems by such conservative newspapers as *The Wall Street Journal*. But it may be asked where were the potent organs of the daily press when the drugmakers were pulling political and economic strings to try to prevent the facts from being exposed? When *SR* began reporting the worst abuses in drug marketing in 1959, only two newspapers were willing to assume responsibility for wider dissemination of *SR*'s independently obtained information. One of those two was the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*; the other was *Advertising Age*.

I conclude: *The Real Voice* should be read for what it tells—in spite of what it doesn't tell.

—J. L.

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science itself) may involve serious consequences for the course of mankind. With the prime cause at stake, there seems little excuse for any economy, whether real or pretended. In fairness to the scientific community the debate on the form of science reporting is underway. Scientists-humanitarians everywhere must be alert that it is kept going for the sake of humanity, in order that science may better serve its only reasonable end.

GENE R. VERDIER.

Wyncote, Pa.

MAYBE MR. MEDAWAR is correct about the fraudulence of *some* scientific papers, but surely not *all* of them. At any rate, I used to write what I thought were scientific papers in toxicology, and they were published in the way he damns, because it is the only sensible way to work it. Allow me to explain. First, we have no hypothesis. Only a question: Is this stuff dangerous, and if so in what way? I check the library and find out whether anybody has worked with it, and if not, with a near relative, and I write up what I find. This is what Medawar says concedes "more or less graciously, that others have dimly groped toward the fundamental truths that you are now about to expound." Next, we have a conference to study this information and decide the best way to tackle the problem to get the most information without spending a fortune. This also is written up, and each of us gets a copy of the *Introduction* (what we are trying to find out) and the *Methods* (exactly how we are going to do it). As the results come in, I write them up and do the statistics, etc. When the final results are in, and written up, then we study them and decide what they mean and why, and when that is written up it is the *Discussion*. Finally, we want the *Conclusions* we drew, and all that remains is the covering letter to the editor and a mess of copies. What could be more logical? If it is inductive, all right. We never thought of it as anything but efficient and sensible. It did not misrepresent our thought, and I still think it was scientific. I think lots of other people work the same way.

MARY K. DUNLAP.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

I FEEL SURE that if Dr. Dunlap studies the processes of thought that underlie her drug-testing routine she will find that it is at all stages guided by some prior expectation about the likely outcome of the test—even if the expectation is no more exact than to define the general area in which the observed results will probably lie. For not every compound is tested, not every test is applied to every chosen compound: there will be discrimination, therefore, and each act of discrimination can be referred to some prior hypothesis about what the compound under investigation is thought likely to do.

Mr. Verdier's little parade of knowledge and opinion is touching, and he stoutly defends opinions I do not attack, but he really must not lecture me on the interpretation of Popper's methodology. I am deeply familiar with my friend Karl Popper's writings, and he went out of his way to compliment me on the broadcast reproduced in *SR* (an unscripted broadcast, by the way, and not therefore as tautly reasoned as a formal paper). If Mr. Verdier cares to consult Popper's *Science: problems, aims, responsibilities* in *Federation Proceedings*, vol. 22, no. 4, July/August 1963, he will find on pp. 970-1 an opinion on the style of writing scientific papers so similar to my own that we might be thought to have acted in collusion.

What, I wonder, can have given Mr. Bindra the idea that scientific papers should, in my opinion, take the form of autobiographical *belles lettres*? And what can be so sensational about the propagation of views now 125 years old (for Whewell was a rough contemporary of Mill's)? Mr. Bindra's own belief that one should not disclose the hypotheses one is working on does him little credit. I should rather give Charles Darwin the last word—an important testimony his, because he fondly imagined himself to be a good inductivist and Baconian. "About thirty years ago," he wrote to his friend Henry Fawcett, "there was much talk that geologists ought only to observe and not theorize; and I well remember someone saying that at this rate a man might as well go into a gravel-pit and count the pebbles and describe the colors. How odd it is that anyone should not see that all observation must be for or against some view if it is to be of any service!"

P. B. MEDAWAR.

London, England

Antarctic Posies

YOUR ARTICLE on the Antarctic [*SR*, Nov. 2, 1963] I found very exciting. This new Platonic republic of nations should, of course, be far the most exciting element, but my wayward mind was even more taken by the three flowers which grow in Antarctica and which I have never before heard mentioned. Their botanical names would mean nothing to me, but are they like a small arnica, or what? Are they almost invisible or do they achieve a brief flaunting?

MRS. HENRY BESTON.

Nobleboro, Me.

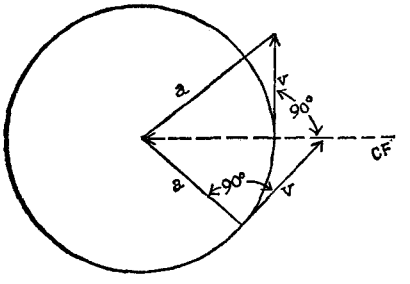
EDITOR'S NOTE: *Tardy publication of the above question is due to delays in SR's science editor's efforts to obtain a correct answer. It turns out that the National Science Foundation, source of his original information, was wrong in giving the number of Antarctic flowers as three. Actually, there are only two. One is Colobanthus, a flowering pink. The other is Deschampsia, a flowering grass. They produce subtly hued blooms which appeal so deeply to lonely men who find them in scattered patches (especially on the Palmer Peninsula) that one of the established rules of the Antarctic is "Don't pick the flowers!"*

On Orbiting

THE ARTICLE by John P. Hagen [*SR*, Apr. 4] presents several ideas about orbital motion that require clarification.

The idea of centrifugal force is almost universally misconstrued by the popular press and serious treatment of the misconception by an authority, even in an oversimplification, does a disservice to the uninitiated reader. Centrifugal force simply does not exist in orbital motion or in any of the examples given in the article. Newton's first law of motion, originally formulated by Galileo, states the principle of inertia: a body in motion will continue in straight line motion unless acted upon by an outside force. Objects in orbital motion, even on a merry-go-round, have a velocity that is always tangent to the circle and not on a line with the radius of the circle. The force exerted to keep the object in orbit is directed inward and not outward along the radius as the article suggests. To prevent yourself from being ejected from the merry-go-round or car going around a curve, a push is exerted against the outside of the merry-go-round or the car door. It is wrong to say that the merry-go-round or the car door is pushing against you, for you are pushing against it to prevent yourself from moving in a straight line in compliance with the first law of motion. This push is a force which is being directed in to the center of the circle. The simplest example is the weight whirled on the end of a string. If you cut the string, which way will the weight go? Most people will say that the weight will travel at right angles to the string. This is correct but most discussions will continue to talk about the centrifugal force which has just been disproven. In the case of a satellite the force directed in to the center of the circle is gravity. This gravitational force is most correctly called a centripetal acceleration. If a centrifugal force did exist it would simply balance the centripetal force and the object would still travel in a straight line which is tangent to the circle. A force is required to change the velocity of a moving object and a force which will cause an object to move in an orbit must be directed to the center of the orbit.

The velocity arrows (v) in sketch above show an object moving with constant speed. The velocity changes because the direction



changes. A change of direction requires a force. A constant change of direction requires a constant force. This force is indicated by the acceleration arrows (a) which are centripetal acceleration vectors directed towards the center of the orbit. The dashed line inside the orbit is also an acceleration vector and a continuation of this line to CF would be the so-called centrifugal force.

RALPH ZEKELMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Pennsylvania State University Radio Astronomy Professor John P. Hagen replies: "Orbiting bodies are acted upon by the centripetal force of gravity. But if that force alone were operative, the bodies would fall to earth. The bodies remain in motion, in a state of equilibrium, because the centripetal force is opposed by an opposite and equal centrifugal force.*

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Imagination of Disaster

Continued from page 13

cans who wrote of the war, it was Hemingway that gave definite and lasting expression to their experience and mood, and this helps us to forget the bravura and self-parody of the later years. Consider, once again, the remarkable vignettes heading the individual stories of *In Our Time*, which—like a series of camera shots by a perfectly trained combat photographer—convey the violence and the horror with Dantëesque simplicity. Any one is a master stroke: "We were in a garden at Mons. Young Buckley came in with his patrol from across the river. The first German I saw climbed up over the garden wall. We waited till he got one leg over and then potted him. He had so much equipment on and looked awfully surprised and fell down into the garden. Then three more came over further down the wall. We shot them. They all came just like that."

And *A Farewell to Arms* seems to miss nothing: combat, camaraderie, wounds, death, lust, love, and even—what Hemingway always wished to have—the weather. Here, the eating, the drinking, the love-making—with the dialogue usually stripped to these essentials—is not the mannered ritual of *Across the River and into the Trees* but an authentic counterpoint to the life-denying forces of a world at war. Again, the novel's presentation of the retreat from Caporetto is one of the finest narrative-descriptive pieces in American literature. And, like Wilfred Owen, who felt his poetry must leave out "anything about glory, honour, might, majesty, dominion, or power," Hemingway left the classic American statement on the distrust of abstract ideals that runs through the literature of the war: "I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice, and the expression in vain." His Lieutenant Henry tells us:

> We heard them sometimes, standing in the rain almost out of earshot, so that only the shouted words came through, and had read them, on proclamations that were slapped up by billposters over other proclamations, now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory, and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it . . . . Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages, the numbers of roads, the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates.

The memorable works by European writers come from the victors and the defeated, though by theme and tone the reader is hardly aware of the difference. In France, whose landscape and people suffered the full holocaust, the war brought few books of indisputable importance. The most famous, of course, is Henri Barbusse's *Under Fire*, which was published during the war itself. His ideals shattered by what he saw during his service in some of the heaviest fighting of the early days, Barbusse composed one of the first and one of the strongest indictments against the carnage and the irresponsible stupidity. It remains an amazing work for its time; today, however, *Under Fire* seems a document marking a place. Hemingway, who said that he learned from it the possibility of treating war in fiction, nevertheless felt that Barbusse had his limitations. "His whole book," he wrote, "was a protest and an attitude. The attitude was that he hated it. But when you came to read it over to try to take something permanent and representative from it the book did not stand up." In some ways, the most interesting French contribution came a whole generation after the war, and that is the Verdun volume of Romains's monumental series of novels, *Men of Good Will*.

ON the other side of the Rhine, the novelists were somewhat more varied. Jaroslav Hašek, a Czech, actually produced a bright satire in *The Good Soldier Schweik*. Recently brought to life in an entertaining film, Schweik, a dog-catcher called to arms, is on one level an archetypal fool, gold-brick, and angle-player; but from another point of view, he is an agent of exposure whose ability to live by his wits and survive when an empire collapses mocks the stupidity of governments supposedly more intelligent than he.

In contrast, Arnold Zweig's *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, a best-seller in its day, is a very moving story of a gentle, childlike Russian soldier caught up in the blind, impersonal forces of politics, bureaucracy, and war. Captured by the Germans, Grischa escapes from his prison camp, only to be arrested as a spy because of the clothes he has been given in flight. Sentenced to death by Prussian command, even though his innocence is evident, he dies pitied by the firing squad that executes him. Thus, Grischa's story becomes a warning about the fate of the individual during war in a way sometimes more disturbing than the accounts of mass suffering.

Of another work in German, there is little that needs to be said. *All Quiet on the Western Front* is the one novel about the war that is known everywhere, whether it has been read or not, whether it is known in its famous film version or its contents absorbed from the very air, as the contents of epochal books often seem to be. Remarque's familiar story of Paul Baümer and his school comrades at the front succeeds on several levels and for several reasons: the simplicity and directness of its narrative; the sense it conveys of telling the ordinary soldier's story as if for the very first time, with the immediacy of a letter sent home from the front; the provocative symbolism, unobtrusive, but there if we wish to notice. And, inevitably, readers on this side of the lines cannot help but be aware, even today, that the author is German and one of the defeated. No stranger place exists than the enemy territory a combat soldier sees before him, no stranger person than the man he must kill or be killed by. *All Quiet on the Western Front* reminds its readers that the enemy is human after all, the territory on which he is deployed but an extension of their own. And in war, despite victory, who—from a certain point of view—is left undefeated?

All Quiet on the Western Front—appearing in 1929, the same year as *A Farewell to Arms*—brought a decade of war literature to a climax. About this spate of books, T. E. Lawrence himself remarked: "The poor old war creatures

bore everybody so much that we give them too little credit, I fancy." Renewed interest in the first World War may reverse this: it will probably obviate the boredom, and may even give too much credit where little is due. Admittedly, not all the works are masterpieces, though a number have been undeservedly forgotten that should be re-read at least as minor classics of literary and documentary value.

But they must always be given credit for their extra-literary, long-range historical influence. There can be no doubt that not only World War I itself, but the stark, unforgettable reproduction of its cataclysmic horrors by combat poets and novelists helped to transform the consciousness and conscience of Western man. Today, we all possess their imagination of disaster.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. sweater. 2. survey. 3. estrade. 4. starry. 5. swerve. 6. vestry. 7. satyr. 8. sturdy. 9. treasure. 10. strive. 11. sewer. 12. rustier. 13. stair. 14. desire. 15. steward.

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(Continued on page 50)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 49)

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V. Amer. philosopher on teaching staff at Columbia from 1920 to his death, 1954 (full name as listed by surname first).	194 202 48 195 111 113 152 170 78 213 44 144

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative sizes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 B	2 T	3 H	4 L	5 F	6 N		7 S	8 B	9 C	10 O		11 F	12 U	13 O
14 K	15 Q	16 C	17 T		18 I	19 T	20 P	21 C		22 N	23 U	24 B		25 P	26 A	27 E	28 N
29 F	30 S	31 Q		32 P	33 G	34 I	35 M	36 J	37 F	38 O		39 T	40 R	41 B	42 S	43 U	
44 V	45 L		46 H	47 Q	48 V		49 E	50 I	51 G	52 C	53 T	54 L		55 O	56 B	57 E	58 F
	59 M	60 L		61 K	62 Q	63 E		64 U	65 P	66 G	67 S	68 H	69 E	70 I	71 C	72 K	
73 D	74 U	75 R	76 H	77 F	78 V		79 U	80 K	81 E	82 J	83 T	84 P	85 H		86 P	87 G	88 O
	89 D	90 F	91 A	92 S		93 B	94 I		95 I	96 L	97 N		98 L	99 U	100 E	101 S	
102 K	103 A		104 M	105 H	106 F	107 I		108 P	109 U	110 E	111 V		112 D	113 V	114 S	115 J	
116 R	117 S	118 M	119 C	120 I		121 M	122 C	123 A	124 T		125 R	126 O	127 E	128 K	129 M		130 A
131 M	132 G		133 G	134 C	135 L	136 T		137 A	138 I	139 K	140 J		141 E	142 B	143 L	144 V	145 A
	146 N	147 M	148 H		149 S	150 J	151 P	152 V	153 I		154 S	155 U	156 K	157 R		158 H	159 L
	160 G	161 U	162 H	163 R	164 P		165 T	166 L	167 N	168 O	–	169 Q	170 V	171 R	172 F	173 E	174 B
175 P		176 G	177 U	178 D	179 M	180 E		181 E	182 B	183 I		184 H	185 J	186 C	187 D		188 G
189 I		190 D	191 M	192 J		193 O	194 U	195 V		196 Q	197 A	198 M		199 R	200 O	201 I	202 U
203 P	204 T	205 J	206 D	207 A	208 G		209 S	210 L	211 F		212 B	213 V	214 N	215 S			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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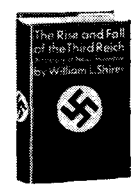

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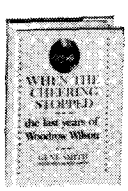

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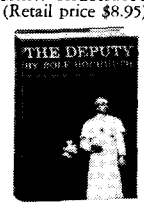

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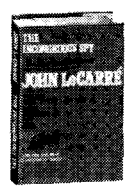

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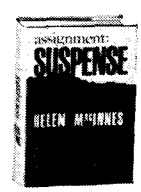

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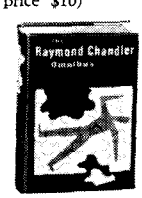

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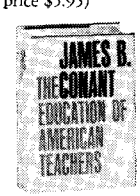

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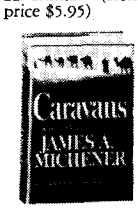

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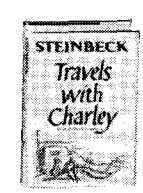

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